



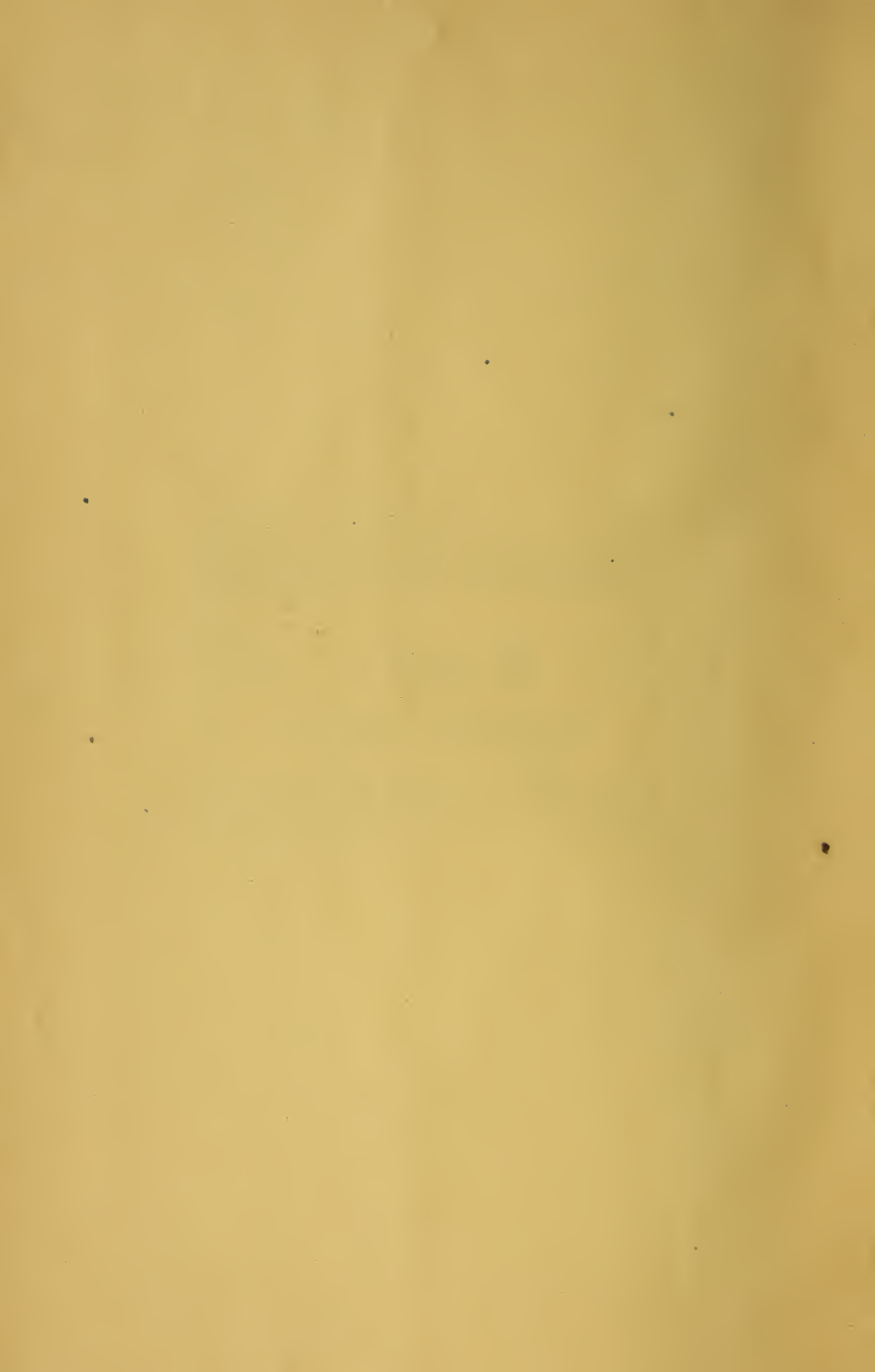
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AN

INSTRUCTIVE ELOCUTION:

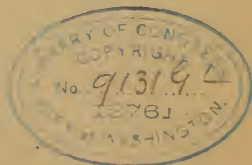
DESIGNED ESPECIALLY

FOR TEACHERS AND PRIVATE LEARNERS.

By W. H. FERTICH,

Professional Lecturer and Teacher of Elocution.

*"Now all expression to which we voluntarily give shape and direction,
is art."*—DR. HOLLAND.



MUNCIE, IND.:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE apology which is usually offered for issuing a new book, is, "to supply a long-felt want." It is quite probable, however, that the "want," in most instances, is "long-felt" only by the author himself. It is a legitimate object of an author, to enable others to know what their wants are. Had our most eminent authors waited until there was a popular demand for their works, none of our best books would have ever been written. When the Decalogue was first written on tables of stone, there was no "long-felt want" for a code of morals, yet nothing else was more needed.

The writer is well aware that bundles of good, bad, and indifferent literature, are already very numerous. He is also aware that these bundles of literature are of but little value to the individual learner, so far as instruction in elocution is concerned. Any work which contains a *plain, concise* and *practical* system of elocutionary instruction, is of special value; and it is believed that such works are exceedingly rare.

Any effort however humble, which is intended to aid the student of elocution, ought to meet with encouragement. For nothing is more apparent than the *need of improvement* in elocution. Few persons read well, and still fewer speak well. Even among *teachers* the need of elocutionary instruction and discipline is miserably apparent.

No other branch so imperatively demands to be taught by example. Hence, pupils generally read about as well as their teachers, but no better. Of course, we here speak of the *art* of elocution.

The writer appreciates the importance of being able to merely *interpret* the thoughts and feelings of an author, but it is assumed, in the preparation of this work, that to be able to correctly *express* those thoughts and feelings, is a *very desirable* accomplishment. It may be further stated that this correct interpretation is the primary requisite or foundation of the correct expression; and there is no certain way of determining what conception one has of the thoughts and feelings of an author, except by rhetorical expression.

It is assumed that exercises in elocution *should* secure efficiency in extemporaneous speaking. If this be true, the elocutionist who can not express his own thoughts and feelings well, fails to exemplify in himself, the consistency or merits of his elocutionary instruction.

While the chapter, entitled "Methods of Class Work," is intended especially for teachers, it is hoped that the general student will not omit it, as he will find in it suggestions, concerning the principles of elocution and methods of *self-culture*.

The student will please observe that there are several divisions of the lecture on "Manhood," each of which would answer a good purpose as a declamatory exercise.

The writer is aware that there is much that can be said about the theory of elocution, that is not in this book; but it was not the *intention* to confuse the student with a system of hair-splitting dissertations, which would avail him nothing in *practice*. Hence, allusions to such matters as "single falling wave," "double rising wave," "semi-tonic melody," "single and double antithesis," "expulsive radical stress," etc., have been *purposely omitted*.

Tables of the elementary sounds are already sufficiently numerous, and none will be found in this work. It may here be remarked that any mere classification of the elementary sounds will avail the student little or nothing in the actual business of elocution. It is not intended that this work shall supplant primary readers, dictionaries, and other works on language. It only claims *a place* in the broad field in which the author presumes to labor.

Thanks are due MESSRS. WILSON, HINKLE & Co., MESSRS. COLLINS & Bro., and HARPER & BROTHERS, for permission to use selections from their copy-right works.

For some of the incidents with which the lecture is illustrated we are indebted to that excellent work, "Morals and Manners," by ALEX. M. GOW, A. M. Also to the works of REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D. *All* the works of the latter author are real gems. See his "Young Man's Counselor," "Young Lady's Counselor," and "Path of Life."

The author here records his obligations to D. H. H. SHEWMAKER, and to Miss JULIA SPARR, both of Muncie, Ind., for valuable aid in the preparation of this book.

If this little work shall be the means of encouraging and aiding those for whom it is intended, the author will have accomplished his object.

MUNCIE, IND., August, 1876.

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COMMENDATORY NOTICES

FROM EDUCATORS AND THE PRESS.

PROF. FERTICH is the best Institute worker of our knowledge. His lecture on "MANHOOD" is the best thing we ever heard.—E. MYERS, *County Superintendent, Fulton County, Ind.*; T. W. FIELDS, *Principal Kewanna Normal School, Indiana.*

We have no hesitancy in saying that MR. FERTICH is an elocutionist of the first order, and other county Institutes would profit by engaging his services.—MINUTES OF HAMILTON COUNTY, IND., INSTITUTE.

I take great pleasure in certifying to the eminent success that has attended his labors in our Institute. Our teachers pronounce his lecture on "MANHOOD," the best they ever heard.—JOHN CARNEY, *Supt., Jennings County, Ind.*

PROF. FERTICH's lecture on "MANHOOD," was highly instructive—displaying the harmonious blending of sound logic and brilliant elocution.—*Albion New Era.*

His instruction has met the universal commendation of teachers and educators throughout the State, and his elocutionary entertainments have been eminently successful.—*Muncie Times.*

The entertainment given by PROF. FERTICH, at the Opera House, gave universal satisfaction. As the large audience was passing out, we heard several say, "it was excellent."—*Elkhart Daily Observer.*

HARTFORD CITY, IND.—PROF. FERTICH has given instruction in our Institute in Physiology, Elocution, Writing, Theory and Practice, &c. We do not hesitate in recommending him as an exceptionally good worker. He has displayed a wonderful ability in adapting his instruction to the wants of our teachers. His manner of presenting his subjects is attractive, energetic and simple. In recommending him, we feel assured that he will give general satisfaction.—LEWIS WILLIAM, *County Supt.*; JOHN W. JONES, *City Supt.*

His work was in every way satisfactory, entertaining and highly instructive. His suggestions "as to how reading should be taught in the common schools," were very practical and much appreciated by the teachers, as I find them following the suggestions given. I think his labors with us will result in much permanent good, and I take pleasure in recommending him to the confidence of the public.—S. K. BELL, *County Supt., Jay Co., Ind.*

PROF. W. H. FERTICH has given instruction in our Institute in Elocution, Theory and Practice, and Composition. In all his work he commanded the most earnest and respectful attention of all our teachers and visitors. We were more than pleased with him. He was the means of making our Institute a great success. His entertainment was pronounced better than some of our recent hundred-dollar lectures.—J. H. ORMSBY, *County Supt., Wells Co., Ind.*

The Elocutionary Entertainment of PROF. FERTICH on Saturday evening, was one of the best—if not the very best—occasions of the sort we have ever attended. His recitations were perfect. His personations were true to life. We haven't yet recovered from the hearty laughs of that occasion. He is the best elocutionist in the West, and we are not paid for saying this.—*Pendleton Register.*

THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK MAY BE ENGAGED TO

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INTRODUCTION.

IF “reading is the key to all knowledge,” its importance can not be easily over-estimated. That it is the most important branch of an education, can not admit of a doubt. It is an established custom to regard reading and rhetorical speaking as being very closely related; and both are often referred to, in the use of the single term, Elocution. There can be no doubt of the existence of this close relation and the reciprocal dependence of the one upon the other. A good reader is generally a good speaker, and a good speaker is generally a good reader. The ability to read well generally precedes the ability to speak well, though these abilities are often simultaneously developed. Henry Clay, that model of modern orators, attributed his success, as a public speaker, to the habit of committing to memory and frequently declaiming the choice productions of the best authors. Whatever we become closely identified with, becomes to some extent a part of us. Hence, when a pupil commits to memory an author’s language, the sentiments of the author become, to a greater or less degree, a part of the pupil’s character. For example, the pupil who commits to memory a patriotic selection, will develop in himself the sentiment of patriotism. This fact is of serious importance in its relation to the work of the teacher.

All elocutionary training ought to have a tendency to result in genuine eloquence. All genuine eloquence is a

true exponent of what is within. In other words, all really eloquent expression has its foundation in the *character* of the individual. Now it is desirable that eloquence be used only for good and noble purposes. We conclude, then, that the development of a good character is of primary importance in elocutionary training.

Most authors of elocution have answered only one question ; viz., of what does good elocution consist? We think it is a matter of more importance to know what powers are employed in good expression, and how employ them? The student of elocution has not so much to do with the investigation of a theory, as he has with the development of certain powers necessary to correct expression. A good reader or speaker must possess and employ

1. A CLEAR CONCEPTION.
2. A VIVID IMAGINATION.
3. REAL SYMPATHY.
4. GOOD IMITATION.
5. VOCAL POWER.
6. ARTISTIC SKILL.
7. GOOD JUDGMENT.

While the employment of all these powers will insure success, the absence of any one of them will result at least in a partial failure. The above is a proper basis, we think, for a system of elocutionary instruction.

The tendency of many teachers of the present day, is to abandon all rules in elocution. Every system of elocutionary instruction is dismissed by a dignified "Go to Nature for all your rules." While many such teachers claim to have been "to Nature," I observe that they never get any

rules. The sum of their elocutionary instruction is embodied in their oft-repeated direction, "Be natural, and read as you talk." Those teachers will have made considerable progress in the right direction when they have learned that a pupil may "be natural" and at the same time be wrong; for whatever style the pupil has acquired, is most natural to him. If the direction, "Be natural," were consistent in point theory, it is too indefinite to be of any use. If a pupil were trying to solve a difficult problem in arithmetic, it be would *more* consistent for his teacher to simply direct him to be logical; for if the pupil would be logical, he would solve the problem. In reading, as in arithmetic, pupils need to be taught in the detail, and assisted in mastering one difficulty at a time. One reason assigned for discarding rules in reading, is there are so many exceptions to them. Why not discard all rules of syntax, because there are exceptions to some of them? It is thought proper to study the rules of syntax and the exceptions to them; and it should be so in reading.

I may be asked if I would have my pupils "read by rule." I might as well be asked if I would have my pupils talk grammatically "by rule." A student acquaints himself with the rules of syntax, and governs his language by them, until a habit is formed of expressing himself grammatically, without any thought of rules. The same thing is accomplished, to a greater or less extent, in reading.

All reputable authors agree in the fact that to secure the *right expression*, the things first necessary are the *right meaning*, and the *right feeling*. The system of rules in this work is intended to aid the student in securing the right meaning, the right feeling, and the right expression.

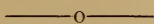
It is further claimed that this arrangement of rules is the

best *form* in which to present a system of elocutionary instruction. To discard all rules, then, in elocution, is to discard the germs of elocutionary instruction.

The student may inquire if he should commit the rules in this book to memory.

In reply, I have to say that if the task seems too difficult for you to undertake, you may as well lay this book aside, and take up no other of the kind. And as you bid adieu to all your hopes of marked success in elocution, the only consolation I can offer you, is, try to be as happy as you can, in witnessing the superior attainments of others who are willing to labor.

KINDS OF LANGUAGE IN ELOCUTION.



“LANGUAGE is the expression of ideas by the voice. The inarticulate sounds by which irrational animals express their feelings or their wants. *Language* is generic, denoting any mode of conveying ideas; as, the language of the deaf and dumb, etc.”—*Webster*.

Our observation and experience, coupled with the above authority, leads us to the conclusion that in elocution there are *two* kinds of language used; viz., *natural language* and *articulate language*.

Natural language is the expression of ideas and feelings by means of visible signs and inarticulate sounds. It includes gesture, facial expression, laughing, crying, groaning, etc.

Articulate or *spoken language* is the expression of ideas by means of speech or articulate sounds.

The importance of natural language in elocution is not generally appreciated by modern teachers. The ancient Greeks and Romans seem to have understood it better than we do.

“During the reign of Augustus both tragedies and comedies were acted by pantomime alone. It was perfectly understood by the people, who wept, and laughed, and were excited in every way as much as if *words* had been employed. It seems, indeed, to have worked upon their sympathies more powerfully than words; for it became necessary, at a subsequent period, to enact a law restraining

members of the senate from studying the art of pantomime, a practice to which it seems they had resorted in order to give more effect to their speeches before that body. It is surprising, indeed, to see how perfectly persons practiced in the use of gestures can communicate even complicated trains of thought and long series of facts. Good pantomimists will make the plot of a theatrical piece just as intelligible to an audience as if it were developed by dialogue.”—*Quackenbos*.

“We must agree therefore with the ancients that there is a power in the proper use of gesture that should not be overlooked. For the law has not changed; gesture is as necessary now as in the days of Demosthenes. The sight as well as the ear needs instruction.”—*Bronson*.

“The Chinese prefer their mode of speaking to the mind through the eye, by means of visible signs, as superior to spoken words addressed to the ear. Indeed, so far do they carry their attachment to this mode of communication, that it is not uncommon there to see men conversing rapidly together by tracing characters in the air.”—*Fowler*.

It is quite evident that thought, sentiment, and feeling are readily conveyed through the use of natural language alone.

Very little feeling can be expressed by the use of articulate language alone; but if the natural language is used simultaneously with the articulate language, each is rendered more than doubly forcible and expressive.

Most modern authors of elocution have made the mistake to consider facial expression and gesture as simply finishing touches in oratory.

If we notice the little child before it can use spoken language, we observe that it expresses grief, fright, anger, joy, exultation, desire, etc., in the use of facial expressions and

inarticulate language, often accompanied by significant gestures. We observe further, that the child, in playing with its companions, makes frequent use of expressive gesticulation.

If we notice an illiterate person engaged in earnest conversation, we observe that his facial expressions and motions are nearly half of the entire expression.

If we notice an earnest and effective speaker who holds his listeners chained by his eloquence, we easily observe that his voice alone does not produce all that effect.

In short, if we propose to be taught by Nature, we are forced to the conclusion that *facial expression and gesture are primary elements of expression*. In other words, *natural language is a foundation principle in elocution*. Every student of elocution ought to know that the reader or speaker makes himself felt, only in the degree that his hearers understand and appreciate his *means* of expression; and he who depends only upon the spoken language to express himself, can seldom be fully understood by all his hearers, while the natural language is universally understood and appreciated. Spoken language is not natural, but artificial. We understand that spoken language was given to the first man and woman, by a direct and special act of the Deity, and afterward acquired by the descendents, from their parents, and so on down to the present.

God also clothed Adam and Eve, but their descendents were taught to clothe themselves. To say that the business of clothing ourselves is a natural function, would evidently be absurd; but not much more so than to say speech is a natural function. If, as some writers believe, men were originally "a dumb, low herd," and articulate language is an invention of man, then it is all the more an art.

Definitions of elocution, similar to the following, are given by several authors.

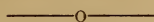
“A true elocution is the *natural* expression, in words, of thoughts, sentiments, and feelings.”

The above is about as consistent as it would be to say, A good bridge is a *natural* structure made of bricks and lumber, by the use of mason's and carpenter's tools. Upon reflection, it will be evident to the student, that to secure a natural result, Nature must do the work.

Even natural language, as generally used in reading, declamation, and studied speeches, results in art, because it is voluntarily employed for the accomplishment of a pre-meditated result: but by the untutored child and illiterate adult it is used spontaneously; and the efficient orator, in the expression of original thought and feeling, makes many expressive gestures and facial expressions of which he is not even conscious.

To discuss this matter in detail, would not be proper in a work of this kind; but it is here suggested that there is much said and written about “natural expression in words,” which is not consistent in point of fact, or profitable in experience. Let the student *think* about the matter.

DEFINITIONS, RULES AND PRINCIPLES.



READING is the interpretation and expression of the thoughts, sentiments, and feelings of an author.

Sometimes the reader does not express what he interprets, in which case reading is simply the interpretation of thought, sentiment, and feeling.

Elocution, as an art, is the expression of thought, sentiment, and feeling, whether interpreted or original.

Elocution, as a science, treats of the principles and methods of rhetorical expression.

PRIMARY REQUISITES.

RULE I. *In order to correctly express the thoughts, sentiments, and feelings of an author, his language must be so studied as to secure a clear conception of its meaning.*

The importance of this rule can not be over-estimated. Too many pupils are permitted to blunder over language the meaning of which they can not comprehend. The comprehension of an idea is of vital importance to its correct expression. Hence all exercises in articulation, vocal gymnastics, etc., are matters of secondary importance, even in oral reading.

By accomplishing the purpose indicated in the rule, we secure all that can be secured by silent reading. A clear conception of the thoughts of an author, involves not only

a comprehension of the meaning of each word, but an understanding of the relative importance of the ideas in the connection in which they are used. It also includes an understanding of the conditions and circumstances of whatever characters may be alluded to by the author.

These conditions and circumstances are not always definitely expressed, but must often be inferred from the language used.

To carefully study the language of an author, requires investigation, close application, and reflection. To suppose that a reading lesson can be more easily prepared than any other lesson, is a common error and a very pernicious one.

RULE II. *In the correct expression of thought, sentiment, and feeling, the reader or speaker must frequently employ his imagination.*

The employment of the imagination is especially necessary in reading colloquial selections and pieces describing past events as present. In many instances, the reader is expected, in a certain sense, to bring the past into the present. He is expected to express the thoughts, sentiments, and feelings of persons of a different sex, age, and character from himself; and the more nearly he can imagine himself to be in the place, condition, and circumstances of the person whose language he uses, the better he will read. By the exercise of his imagination, an eloquent speaker will not only present to his hearers the scenes of the past, but will actually bring into the present, ideal scenes of the future. Many persons seem to possess but very little imaginative power.

A careful study of history, astronomy, and the Bible, is well calculated to develop a vivid imagination.

RULE III. *The reader should enter into full sympathy with the ideas and feelings of the author, and, if possible, adopt them as his own.*

The purpose indicated in this rule is tersely expressed in the scriptural injunction, "*Rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep.*" The reader or speaker needs the power to enter readily into sympathy with the joys, hopes, fears, and sorrows to which mankind are subject.

The young man who can take pleasure in frightening an innocent child; who can witness it shed tears of sorrow, and feel no pity for it, lacks one of the important requisites which enables one to suitably express the best thoughts of the human mind.

The individual who can see even poor brutes worry and mangle each other; and can hear their cries of rage and distress, without any feeling save of satisfaction, need not hope to accomplish much, as a reader or speaker, until he has awakened and developed his moral sensibilities. It is a significant fact that the eminent orators of ancient, as well as those of modern times, were men of deep feeling and rare sympathy.

Dr. Blair says: "A true orator (and we may add a good reader) should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and a mind turned toward the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally forced to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should at the same time possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses and sorrows of his fellow creatures; a heart that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and make their case his own."

To the above we subscribe our hearty indorsement, and

commend it to the careful attention of the student. We would not urge upon the student the importance of giving attention to moral culture simply as a means of acquiring proficiency in reading and speaking; he ought to have a higher motive. Yet we are quite sure that *real sympathy* is an essential element of power in good elocution.

RULE IV. *In giving correct expression to the thoughts and sentiments of others, it is often necessary for the reader to sacrifice his own individuality.*

When the reader proposes to express the ideas and sentiments of persons essentially different from himself; and in the expression of comical ideas, a very important power to be employed, is imitation. In the expression of ideas belonging only to comedy, there is no employment of the power of sympathy in the sense in which it is used in the preceding rule. The reader may expect to succeed in this in proportion, mainly, to his ability to bring into use the powers of imagination and imitation. If a pupil proposes to express ideas agreeable to his own age and character, and if he is able to talk well, then the direction "read as you talk" is consistent. Otherwise it is not.

In the reading of pathetic pieces, in which the language of different persons is to be expressed, the principle of this rule is sometimes illustrated.

In representing the foibles, mannerisms, and ludicrous peculiarities of other persons, the reader can not, in every sense, be himself.

The principal barrier in the way of many students of elocution, is a lack of the ability to sacrifice their individuality and assume the character of another.

RULE V. *The position of the body, the muscular movements, and facial expressions of the reader or speaker, should correspond to his vocal expressions.*

Gesture and facial expression are each a part of the means by which we convey and impress thought and feeling; that is, *they are each a part of the entire expression.*

To attempt to express anger, grief, and joy, in a single discourse, without any change in the expression of the countenance, would evidently be absurd. Lloyd appreciated the relative importance of facial expression in elocution, when he said:

“A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened Oh!”

Each gesture should be made when the word demanding it, is uttered. If one is too soon or too late in making a gesture, it were better not to make it.

The reader or speaker should always *look* in the same general direction in which he extends his hands and arms. For progress in voice culture, and improvement in gesture, calisthenic exercises are of great utility.

The objects to be accomplished by such exercises, are a graceful management of the whole person, and strength of the respiratory and vocal organs.

Calisthenics and gesture can not be taught on paper. Each requires the presence and example of the living teacher.

ARTICULATION.

First in order and importance in vocal expression, is a good articulation.

RULE VI. *It is necessary to give to each syllable its full, distinct, and agreeable utterance.*

Almost any sentence is a suitable exercise in articulation. Care, in the pronunciation of words used in every-day conversation, is of more importance than occasional drills on the elementary sounds. It is important to practice upon difficult combinations for the development of power and skill in pronunciation.*

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a special stress of voice placed upon a word, phrase, or clause. The object of emphasis, is to attach particular significance to certain expressions, on account of their relative importance. Emphasis, as an element of vocal expression, is second in order and importance. It should be remembered that emphasis, when properly applied, not only gives force and elegance to vocal expression, but the meaning of what we say is often dependent upon it.

Example: "John said that Mr. Harper rejoiced when President Lincoln was assassinated." To emphasize "John," would indicate that it was *John* who said it, and not James or some other person. To emphasize "said," would indicate that John *said* so, whether it is true or not. To emphasize "Harper," would indicate the particular *man* that rejoiced. To emphasize "rejoiced," would indicate what Mr. Harper *did*. To emphasize "President," would indicate a particular *Lincoln*. To emphasize "Lincoln," would indicate a particular *President*. To em-

* See "Exercises in Articulation," and "Cautions" 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th.

phasize "assassinated," would indicate a particular time in the history of Mr. Lincoln.

Thus we see that the expression used is susceptible of at least eight different significations, by changing the seat of emphasis.

RULE VII. *Words representing the principal or leading ideas, or those upon which the meaning mainly depends, require emphasis.*

Examples: 1. "Let us, therefore, follow after the things which make for *peace*; the things wherewith one may *edify* another." 2. "Whenever you fail in your attempts to do any good thing, let your *motto* be, *try again*." 3. "Let all things be done *decently* and in *order*." 4. "The habits of an *old* man are rarely *improved*. *Youth* is the time to accustom both mind and body to right methods of life." 5. "Are you therefore to write yourself a *nothing*, and remain a *cipher* in society?"

RULE VIII. *Words, phrases, and clauses, expressing ideas of importance, command, or passion of any kind, require emphasis.*

Examples: 1. "Do you aspire to *rival great names*? Are you ambitious of high success in life? Then diligently cultivate your intellect." 2. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, *do it with thy might*." 3. "And of this be assured, I speak from observation a certain truth: *There is no excellence without great labor*." 4. "Oh, *speake, speake*, said Agnes!" 5. "*Stand back* and do not *meddle*, or I'll *strike* you."

6. "*Willie! oh, Willie!* it seems but a day,
Since thy baby head on my bosom lay."

7. "*Impossible!*" cried the Emperor, with indignation; "impossible is the adjective of fools." 8. "*Glorious bird!* I will learn a *lesson* from thee to-day. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is *determined*, it can do almost *any* thing. I will set my mark *high*. I will try to *do* something and to *be* something in the world. *I will never yield to discouragements.*"

A word *introducing* an idea, though seemingly unimportant, should be appropriately emphasized; and if the idea is repeated soon in the same discourse, the word representing it will generally not require emphasis.

Examples: 1. "At first we were all much surprised to see a *table* moving about the room; but in a moment we discovered that a *monkey* was under it. Now my cousin Emily, who had never *seen* a monkey, and knew nothing of the monkey character, did not know what to *think* of the affair." 2. "After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change *clothes* with him. As the judge had a very *good* suit on, the man had no reason to object." In the last example, the proposition "to change clothes," suggests the idea of "suit," but "good" introduces the idea of quality. Hence, the emphasis as indicated.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a slide of the voice, either upward or downward, on a single word.

RULE IX. *Emphatic words, and words denoting a completion of the sense, generally require the falling inflection.*

Examples: 1. Stand' to your guns'; don't' waste your

ammunition'; see' that every shot tells'. 2. A retreat' was ordered', and before dawn the whole army had disappeared. 3. Their loss was estimated at 150', while the Americans had but one killed and seven wounded.

4. Tell me I hate' the bowl?
 Hate is a feeble' word:
 I loathe'—abhor'—my very soul'
 With strong disgust is stirred,
 When'er I see', or hear', or tell'
 Of the'dark beverage of hell'.

RULE X. *Words concluding negations and direct questions, or words used by way of direct address, require the rising inflection; but if repeated emphatically, the falling inflection is proper.*

Examples: 1. He is not the man'. 2. Will you help me labor'? 3. Boys', bring in some wood. If these examples are repeated, we have, 1. He is *not* the man'. 2. Will you help me *labor*'? 3. Boys', bring in some wood. There may be an exception to the preceding rule, in the case of a formal address; as, "Mr. President', Ladies', and Gentlemen'," though such exception is of doubtful propriety.

RULE XI. *Words concluding indirect questions, require the falling inflection; but if repeated emphatically, the rising inflection is proper.*

Examples: 1. When will you go to the city'? 2. Who paid you for your work'? If these examples are repeated,

we have, 1. When will you go to the city'? 2. Who paid you for your work'?

If a person is addressed and does not understand what is said to him, he concludes the indirect question with the rising inflection, when *first* using it; as, What did you say'?

Answers to questions sometimes receive the rising inflection, and sometimes the falling inflection. No rule of importance in regard to them can be deduced. If care is observed in the use of the conversational tone, there will be but little difficulty in securing the appropriate inflection.

SERIES.

A *series* is a succession of particulars in a discourse.

A series in the beginning or middle of a sentence is called a *commencing* series. A series which concludes a sentence is called a *concluding* series.

RULE XII. *Each member of a commencing series generally requires the falling inflection, except the last, which should have the rising inflection.*

Examples: 1. Blasphemy', falsehood', cheating', drunkenness', quarreling', and murder', are all naturally connected with gambling. 2. But behold now, the smitten', enfeebled', inflamed', debauched', idle', poor', irreligious', and vicious', with halting step, dragging onward to meet an early grave. 3. Neither the seductions of love', the shouts of caution', the voices of fear', nor the aspects of danger', tempted him for a moment to relinquish his noble purpose.

RULE XIII. *Each member of a concluding series generally requires the falling inflection, except the last but one, which should have the rising inflection.*

Examples: 1. He is generous', just', charitable', and humane'. 2. We should strive to acquire a pleasant voice', a good temper', a chaste manner', a lofty patriotism', and a love of the beautiful'. 3. How often do men meet in good humor', then drink to excess', talk nonsense', fancy themselves insulted', take fire within', rave', threaten', and then come to blows'.

There is quite a difference of opinion among authors in regard to the inflections belonging to the members of a series; and the difficulty of deducing consistent rules in regard to the matter is here admitted. It is believed, however, that the preceding rules are in keeping with the custom of a majority of our best speakers. A commencing series, of which each member is only one word, and not at all emphatic, may be read without giving any distinctly perceptible inflection upon any member; as, Industry, intelligence, integrity, and charity, constitute an exalted character: or, the falling inflection may be given on the last member only. When such a series concludes a sentence, and each member is necessary to complete the sense, the falling inflection may be given upon the last member only; as, An exalted character consists of industry, intelligence, integrity, and charity'.

TIME.

Time is a measure of the rate of expression.

It will be sufficient to consider the three principal rates,

which will suggest their modifications. Different kinds of discourse require *moderate time, slow time, or fast time.*

RULE XIV. *Language used in simple narration and description, or in the expression of didactic thought, requires moderate time.*

Examples: 1. To be a lady or a gentleman is a high distinction, and worthy the study of every one who possesses an honorable ambition. Counterfeit gentlemen and ladies are as common as counterfeit money; if there were no value in good currency, nobody would take pains to imitate it; so, if there were no real men, gentle-men, there would be no shams.

2. In an address delivered at Birmingham, England, Mr Charles Dickens, the eminent author, announced what he considered the secret of his great success in a single word; *Attention!* With him it became an intellectual habit. He declared it to be, "The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and every pursuit."

RULE XV. *Language intended to express ideas of sublimity, grief, or strong feeling of an exalted character, generally requires slow time.*

Examples: 1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

2. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculties ! In form and moving how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ! In apprehension how like a God !

3. Oh, how I wish I had been there ! How eagerly I would have listened to his words of wisdom ! How delightful to have witnessed his simplicity of manner ! And O, to have received a blessing from his immaculate lips !

RULE XVI. *Language intended to express anger, contempt, defiance, alarm, joy, and animation, generally demands fast time.*

Examples: 1. Then who is he that dares to profane the sanctity of these emotions by indulging, in his presence, in vile and villainous oaths !

2. I loathe you with my bosom ! I scorn you with mine eye !
I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till
I die.

3. Say, don't you see this demon fierce !
Does no one hear ? Will no one come ?
Oh save me—save me—I will give—
But give me rum ; I will have rum.

4. And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee thou'rt defied !
And if thou saidst I'm not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied !

It will be observed that the preceding rules in regard to time include both rate of utterance and the rate of movement in gesture. Since the rate of utterance and the rate of movement in gesture should correspond to each other, it is proper to consider them in the same connection.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of energy with which sounds are uttered.

Emphasis differs from force, in the fact that the former is relative, while the latter is absolute. A whole discourse may be uttered with great force, and with very little emphasis. The student should avoid confounding force with loudness. Great force may be applied to a whisper as well as a shout.

The three principal degrees of force may be denominated *moderate*, *gentle*, and *strong*. The different degrees of force generally correspond to the rates of expression: that is, the kinds of discourse requiring moderate time, will require a moderate degree of force; the kinds of discourse requiring slow time, will require a gentle degree of force; and the kinds of discourse requiring fast time, will require a strong degree of force.

RULE XVII. *In the use of expressions demanding special force, or a loud and explosive tone, the reader or speaker should judiciously inflate the lungs.*

Examples:

1. While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They
come! They come!"

2. And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.

Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

In reading the above examples, the breath should be taken at least three times in the first and seven times in the second. See also examples under the preceding rule. Good breathing is of general importance to the reader or speaker, but it demands special attention in the cases referred to in the rule.

The principal defect in breathing, is failing to keep the lungs sufficiently well inflated. If one attempt to utter a forcible or explosive sound, with very little air in the lungs, the result is a comparatively weak tone, and fatigue of the respiratory organs. It is better to form the habit of breathing mainly through the nostrils. Let the student be *sure* that he knows how to breathe properly.

PITCH, TRANSITION, AND COMPASS

Pitch is the degree of elevation or depression of the voice.

The voice should most frequently dwell upon a medium pitch.

This medium pitch is often called the key-note.

Transition is change in the manner of expression.

Transitions are gradual or sudden.

The *Compass* of the voice is the range of the voice, both above and below the key-note.

RULE XVIII. *The reader or speaker should generally choose a medium pitch, in order that transitions can be made both to a higher and lower pitch.*

In reading it is common to choose a pitch too low. This

does not give sufficient room to change to a lower pitch and be distinctly heard.

In speaking it is common to dwell too long upon a high pitch; and in doing so, the speaker labors under a *very great* disadvantage. Emphasis is sometimes attended by an elevation of the pitch, and always by an increase of force. Hence, if one is speaking in a very high pitch, and wishes to emphasize an important word, phrase, or clause, he has not sufficient room or power in reserve to do so. In other words, he who dwells too long upon a very high pitch, robs himself of nearly all the benefit there is in the use of emphasis.

RULE XIX. *Parenthetical expressions demand a lower pitch, and faster time than the parts of discourse with which they are used.*

Examples: 1. There is, *undoubtedly*, something wrong with the man.

2. I shall, *in the mean time*, consider your proposition.

3. There is, *it must be admitted*, something attractive in such dreamy speculations.

4. Thompson, *who was blessed with a strong and copious fancy*, drew his images from Nature itself.

5. One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor.

6. The blow, if blow it might be called, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from her seat, and tottered across the room.

7. Words, says one, referring to articulation, should be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint.

8. And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise from the very nursery. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator with your child.

9. Every star, as we may infer from indisputable facts, is the center of a planetary system.

10. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul and a system of future rewards and punishments, was taught explicitly (at least as explicitly as could be expected of an ancient philosopher) by Socrates.

Since most parenthetical expressions are set off by commas, they can be distinguished, in most cases, only by the general sense of the passages in which they occur. To read such passages without any transitions in pitch or time, is a childish fault, though not always confined to children.

MONOTONE.

The *monotone* is an unvaried tone throughout a sentence or discourse.

Monotony is a frequent occurrence of the same tone or manner, without reference to the sense.

A proximate monotone is suited to the expression of sublime and solemn thought. There is certainly no discourse, and probably no sentence that should ever be expressed in a *perfect* monotone. The dull uniformity or monotonous style in which the Scriptures and sacred songs are often read, is not in keeping with good taste or good sense. No affected manner or peculiarly holy (?) tone is suitable in reading the Scriptures, or in teaching and preaching the truths they express. Like other compositions

and kinds of discourse, the meaning and sentiment should dictate the manner of the expression.

MODULATION, STYLE, AND PERSONATION.

Modulation is the variation of the voice in the expression of different thoughts, sentiments and feelings. It includes emphasis, inflection, pitch, compass, time, force, and all qualities of voice. A good modulation constitutes the whole secret of success in vocal expression. It is important to remember that

“’Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
’Tis *modulation* that must charm the ear.”

Some authors use the terms, transition and modulation synonymously. The student should understand that the former is much more comprehensive than the latter: transition includes all changes in vocal expression, facial expression, and gesture. While “’Tis modulation that must charm the *ear*,” it is the correct and graceful management of the whole person “that must charm” the eye. The different tones of voice and kinds of *style* necessary to the correct expression of different ideas and passions, can not be successfully indicated or illustrated, except by the living teacher.

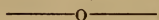
Personation is the representation of the tones and manner of other persons. It will be observed that Rules 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th, include principles which constitute the primary requisites of personation. The application of these principles, together with vocal power and skill, enables one to personate the character of another.

RULE XX. *The tones of the voice and manner of the reader or speaker should be in harmony with the thought, sentiment, and feeling to be expressed.*

To accomplish the purpose indicated in this rule, the reader or speaker must possess a *good judgment*; since the purpose of the rule includes the application of all the principles of good elocution. Indeed, the study of elocution is particularly the study of common sense. Let the student, therefore, take courage and persevere; remembering that

“He who in *earnest* studies o’er his part,
Will find true Nature cling about his heart.”

CAUTIONS.



CAUTION I. *Avoid mistaking rant and roar for good elocution.*

Some professional elocutionists make a special hobby of such passages as express anger, excitement, command, horror, etc.; and by their example and teaching lead the student to suppose that the more noise he makes, the better he is succeeding. It is important to know, in the beginning, that there is a vast difference between noise and good expression. A peculiarly coarse and thundering tone of voice is not essential in good elocution.

CAUTION II. *Avoid depending only upon the voice for correct and effective expression.*

Whatever results may be accomplished by vocal culture, it must be admitted that there are many voices naturally weak and disagreeable, which can be brought to a tolerable condition, only by systematic and long-continued training. While, on the other hand, there is not so much difference in the natural ability to give expression to thought and feeling by visible signs.

It is a fact worthy of consideration that appropriate facial expressions and suitable gestures actually supply deficiencies in speech.

It is said that "the man who can speak two languages

with ease, possesses the power of two men." It is equally true that he who can use the natural and the spoken languages with grace and fluency, possesses twice the power of one who depends only upon speech for expression.

CAUTION III. *Avoid all irrelevant deportment and improper gestures.*

Under this head may be mentioned several common faults:

1. Arranging a watch and papers with great ceremony before commencing to speak.

2. Jerking the coat into place or arranging any other article of apparel.

3. Supporting the elbows on a desk or table.

4. Pulling at a watch chain or fumbling a paper to keep the hands busy.

5. Standing like a wax figure with legs like perpendicular parallel lines and arms to match.

6. Making a display of a handkerchief and the manner of cleaning the nose.

7. Working the arms with such spasmodic jerks as to suggest internal wires and cog-wheels worked by crank.

8. Tossing the body up and down as though it were supported by a spiral spring.

9. Rocking to and fro from heel to toe.

10. Passing about on the platform like a caged panther.

All such deportment is very significant, but not relevant to the occasion nor respectful to an audience. Every movement must have its origin in the thought and feeling to be expressed, or it will be out of place. A simple narrative or unimpassioned style of discourse can not be changed to a

dramatic character by any amount of flourishing or violent gesticulation. "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action."

CAUTION IV. *Avoid the omission or incorrect utterance of unaccented vowels.*

Examples: Usu'l or usual for usual; sat'n or satun for satin; hund'rd or hundrid for hundred; creater for creator; husbund for husband; systum for system; perpendic'lar or perpendicular for perpendicular; fig'r for figure; elemunt for element; acter for actor; uppermost for uppermost; fam'ly for family; differunce for difference; reg'lur or regulur for regular; solitood for solitude; dooty for duty; gratitood for gratitude; institoot for institute.

In the correct utterance of unaccented vowels, avoid erring in the opposite extreme, by giving the vowel too much prominence or accenting the wrong syllable.

CAUTION V. *Avoid the omission of terminating consonants or their connection with different words.*

Examples: Singin for singing; buyin for buying; fis for fists; ban for band; He enlis tis interests sin money, for He enlists his interests in money; He rest sis beas still night, for He rests his beasts till night.

CAUTION VI. *Avoid provincial forms of pronunciation for which there is no standard authority.*

In many sections of our country, the consonent *r* is seldom correctly uttered, while a common dandyism is to omit it or substitute *h* in its stead.

Example: Ourr childrun utterr theiirr worrds betterr than formmerrly, or Ouh childen uttah theih wods bettah than fomly, for Our children utter their words better than formerly.

Few persons pronounce correctly such words as *grass*, *pass*, *graft*, *fast*, etc. The uneducated usually utter the vowel in this class of words the same as that heard in *lamb*, *ham*, etc. A few others give the broad Italian *a*. Both are wrong. The proper vowel sound in these words is the short Italian *a*. (See Webster.) It is certainly unfortunate that a preponderance of authority favors the use of the broad Italian *a* in such words as *half*, *calf*, *laugh*, *calm*, *psalm*, etc. Good taste and the tendency of our best speakers unite in sustaining the use of the short Italian *a* in this class of words.

Whenever the student is in doubt about the correct pronunciation of a word, he should carefully consult his dictionary. The culpable carelessness of many teachers, preachers, and other public speakers, in not correcting their pronunciation by referring to some authority, is deserving of the severest censure. Be sure you know how to use a dictionary, and then *use* it. Great benefit is also derived from observing the pronunciation of cultivated persons and endeavoring to profit by their example.

CAUTION VII. *Avoid all affectation and a labored mouth-ing of words.*

Some persons utter their words as though they desired to call special attention to the sound instead of the thought. In the endeavor to utter every elementary sound correctly, too much prominence is often given to unimportant words.

While an accurate pronunciation is desirable, it should be of the kind that is easy and seemingly natural. The language should serve the speaker, and not the speaker the language. Remember that

“ All affectation but creates disgust ;
And e'en in speaking we may seem too just.”

CAUTION VIII. *Avoid confining the eyes continually to the book or manuscript.*

The child, in learning to read, acquires the power of uttering successive words at sight. The student may acquire the power of uttering successive phrases and sentences at sight. This will enable him to frequently take his eyes from the page, and look at his hearers, which is particularly important in conveying thought, sentiment and feeling. No gesture should ever be made while confining the eyes to the page.

CAUTION IX. *Avoid reading or speaking in a pitch so low that you can not be distinctly heard.*

If the auditor has to make a special effort to hear what is said, he soon becomes wearied and disgusted. Such words as are not uttered loud enough to be heard, may as well be omitted entirely, provided the reader or speaker has any respect for his audience.

Persons who propose to express themselves only by means of what they say, should be especially careful to make themselves heard and understood.

CAUTION X. *Avoid transitions which the meaning does not demand.*

Improper transitions with respect to pitch and force are the most common. We often hear a sentence commenced in a sufficiently loud tone, and then hear the voice descend to nearly a whisper. Some speakers will commence their discourses in the proper pitch, and, as they become more animated, will elevate the pitch to a high degree, entirely regardless of the character of their discourses. The pitch should not be elevated toward the close of a speech, or any where else, unless the meaning demands it. It is not only possible, but often more appropriate, to exhibit a great degree of earnestness, while continuing in the same pitch, and even when lowering it. Transitions with respect to pitch and force are often necessary, but they should never have their origin in the whims of the speaker.

CAUTION XI. *Avoid the sing-song tone in rendering poetical discourse.*

It is the author's duty to attend to the rhythm and melody of poetry and not the reader's. Possibly a slight pause is admissible at the end of each line in poetry, though there may be no grammatical pause. The attention given to "poetic pauses," more often results in harm than in good. Generally speaking, the sense should dictate the manner of the expression in poetry, as well as in prose.

CAUTION XII. *Avoid the combative style in the delivery of unimpassioned discourse.*

Many young men have developed the ability to speak in public without embarrassment, by means of exercises in debating clubs. In such societies, the members are pitted

against each other in oratorical contests, and, naturally enough, each member is excited to great earnestness in endeavoring to secure a decision in favor of his side of the question; and by frequent exercise of this kind, a decidedly fighting style of delivery is often acquired. This style is generally accompanied by frequent, violent, and unbecoming gesticulation. Debating clubs furnish excellent incentives for improvement in knowledge and oratory, but the student should guard himself in the use of them as in the use of sharp tools; for it must be admitted that the debater often acquires a combative style of delivery, which exhibits itself on occasions to which it is not at all suited.

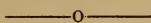
CAUTION XIII. *Avoid depending only upon writers and teachers for improvement in elocution.*

There are many good readers and eloquent speakers who have attained to distinction, only by means of *observation*, *thought*, and *practice*. Much instruction can be derived from carefully observing the manner of a good reader or speaker. But do not forget to

“*Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.*”

Do not make the mistake to suppose that these matters of elocutionary instruction relate only to declamation. The student should know that the better he expresses himself, the better instructor he becomes and the greater his influence in the world. A life of noble purposes, ably and artistically given to the world, is a blessing to mankind and an honor to God.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.



1. The sea breeze sighs softly.
2. Do not quaff, and laugh at the calf.
3. His faults were culpably careless.
4. He ceaseth to produce excellent results.
5. History is made fast in this fast age.
6. He was particularly and indubitably stupid.
7. Two totally tired toads tried to trot to Toadsbury.
8. The visitor was unpardonably coarse and impudent.
9. He tried to calm his fears by singing a psalm.
10. The swift dark whirlwind uproots the densest forests.
11. Samuel Smith selected and sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender, silver saplings.
12. He expresseth the thoughts pertinent to the circumstances.
13. The class may pass to the intricacies of the problems.
14. Thorough reflection is profitable in difficult exigencies.
15. The impracticable theory was distinctly and emphatically repudiated.
16. The amendment to the constitution was received with great gratitude.
17. The governor helped to promote the interests of the government.
18. Three thousand threats will not frighten him from the enshrouded shrine.
19. A rat ran over the roof of the house with a lump of raw liver in its mouth.

20. Thou chuckedst o'er thy gains, while thine antagonist is overwhelmed with whirlwinds.

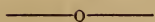
21. The battle-ax of the chivalrous knight went crashing through the brain of the gladiator.

22. Masses of immense magnitude move majestically through the vast empire of the solar system.

23. Where wildest streams through tangled forests stray,
There stealthiest beasts steal forth upon their prey.

24. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles, thrust not thrice three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

METHODS OF CLASS WORK.



IN teaching children the alphabet, I believe the proper order of proceeding is, first the object, then the picture, then the word, then the names of the letters in the word. In the beginning, do not use charts or books, except to present pictures to the class. Do not be afraid of wasting time by talking pleasantly to a class about a picture. Express yourself in terms which the children will understand, and teach them, for example, that the picture of a cat causes us to think about a *real* cat; that the *word*, *cat*, is another kind of a picture, which causes us to think of a real cat. Have them pronounce the word distinctly, then teach them the names of the letters, and finally to print the letters. Do not be in a hurry, and follow an order which will introduce only one new letter in each new word; as, ox, box, fox, boy, ax, toy, cat, hat, &c. Put the work, first, on the black-board, and avoid taking too much for a lesson. You will thus need a list of twenty-five words with which to acquaint your pupils with the alphabet, after which I would introduce other suitable words for drill in calling words at sight, and spelling.

Next, draw from the pupils, by questions, expressions of monosyllabic sentences in regard to familiar objects; as, "An ox is big." "An ox can eat hay." Print on the black-board, have the pupils spell, pronounce, read and copy. Continue this method for several weeks, after which the class will be ready for a "First Reader." We insist

that there is great advantage in having the child read sentences which it has itself originally expressed. In most primary readers, all the new and difficult words of a lesson are arranged in columns for drill in articulation and spelling. Teach your pupils to articulate distinctly all the words of a lesson, before leaving it; and I would spend more time in the simple pronunciation of words than in phonetic analysis. I do not wish to offer any argument against phonetic spelling, knowing that many teachers do not give as much attention to the elementary sounds as they should; but I do wish that all teachers could understand that phonetic spelling is only a *means* and not an *end* in education. If a pupil can pronounce a word distinctly and spell it orthographically, he has accomplished what is necessary in practice, and I do not care whether he can analyze it phonetically or not. Unless phonetic analysis can be used as a means of improving the articulation, it is worthless. A child certainly receives most words as units of speech and not as collections of units. In words of more than one syllable, the teacher should frequently treat the syllable as the unit of speech, teaching a correct pronunciation of each separate syllable, which exercise will generally secure a correct pronunciation of the whole word. As the pupils advance, they will be enabled to do more in analysis.

PAUSES.

Many authors and professional elocutionists refuse to recognize punctuation marks as having any relation to reading. I am aware that in "upper shelf" elocution there is little attention paid to them. But in the teacher's practical work, I observe that they are a matter of concern and

importance. ~~in~~ Owing to the necessarily simple arrangement of the matter in primary readers; it is not necessary to give attention to punctuation; but, as the pupils advance, these marks can be made of great use to them. In primary and intermediate readers, containing suitable matter, the grammatical and rhetorical pauses generally coincide. The teacher, taking advantage of this fact, enables his pupils to be governed not only by what they suppose is the meaning, but by visible signs which may indicate proper pauses and inflections; and through these pauses and inflections the meaning is made more apparent to the pupil.

It is the custom of many good teachers to acquaint their pupils with following rules: 1. Wherever a comma occurs, the meaning demands a slight pause. 2. Wherever a semicolon, colon, or exclamation point occurs, the meaning demands a longer pause than at a comma, and the falling inflection. 3. Wherever a period occurs, the meaning demands the longest pause and the falling inflection. 4. An interrogation point denotes a question: the inflection to be determined by the kind of question—that is, whether direct or indirect. In the work suited to young pupils, these rules are of sufficiently general application to be of some use in teaching—the exceptions being in colloquial pieces, which fact can be easily taught.

Children are not capable of comprehending the grammatical significance of punctuation marks, and if they are not taught to regard them as having some rhetorical relation, then they are of no use to the pupil whatever; and, in that case, a pupil would read a selection just as well if it were not punctuated at all.

Suppose a pupil, unacquainted with marks of punctuation, were required to read the following: 1. "What! Do

you think I will shave you for nothing, and give you a drink?" 2. "Lord Palmer entered; on his head, a white hat; on his feet, large but well polished boots; in his hand, his faithful walking stick; on his countenance, a smile: saying nothing, he sat down." In the first example the pupil would just as likely say, "What do you think? I will shave you for nothing and give you a drink!" In the second example he would probably say, "Lord Palmer entered on his head; a white hat on his feet;" etc. As the pupil advances into the more complex and difficult forms of expression, the exceptions to the rules just given multiply, until finally the rules should be almost entirely abandoned. Care must be taken that pupils do not fall into the error of supposing that pauses are proper only where marks of punctuation are found. Specific rules in regard to pauses, not coinciding with any marks, are of no value. The most important of such pauses, is that occurring just before an important emphatic expression. The pupil should be taught to exercise his judgment in regard to them. The pupil should be taught to improve the opportunities, which many pauses afford, of taking the breath. We suggest now, some varieties of class work, each of which should be occasionally used:

1. Call on a pupil to state, in his own language, the substance of the lesson. Call on others until you have secured a general statement of the substance of the lesson. This will incite the pupils to the right kind of study.

2. Drill the pupils singly and in concert, on the difficult words of the lesson.

3. Call on the pupils to read a verse each in regular succession.

4. Call on the pupils to read, miscellaneously.

5. Let each pupil read until he makes a mistake, observing which pupil reads furthest without making a mistake.

6. Have a pupil read until he makes a mistake, and the next pupil commence where the mistake is made.

7. Ask the class questions in regard to words, phrases, and sentences, the meaning of which is not likely to be understood.

8. Give incidental, oral instruction in regard to historical events and important personages, alluded to in the lesson. This will add to the general intelligence of the pupils, and, what is of more importance, will awaken a desire for general reading.

9. Select choice passages, have them committed to memory and read in the usual way.

10. Engage in a brief exercise in gymnastics or calisthenics.

11. Select suitable passages for practice in gesture.

12. Select suitable passages and have the class read by sections, or all in concert.

13. Read a passage, purposely making several mistakes, and have the pupils criticise.

14. Read correctly for the class that they may see and hear a model.

15. Assign to each pupil a different part of the same selection, have it committed to memory, and recite without looking in the book. Afterward have the class declaim the selection before the school, the members of the class declaiming in the order of their parts.

16. Make suggestions and explanations in regard to the succeeding lesson.

Of course, only a few of the methods given, can be employed in any one recitation. The teacher should invent

and use other methods of his own. Any number of rules will not supply a lack of judgment, originality, and energy on the part of the teacher. Do not adhere tenaciously to *any one* method of class work, for if you do, you will *fail*. Bring to bear a *variety* of means, by which you will be enabled to awaken an interest among your pupils, and incite them to successful efforts. Make special preparation for each recitation, especially when teaching advanced pupils. In all cases have the pupils assume a proper position before attempting to read. Encourage them to ask questions concerning the meaning of the author. Orthographical spelling does not necessarily belong to a recitation in reading, though there can be no serious objection to its occasional use, especially in the recitations of young pupils. Pupils should be taught to criticise each other in regard to position, articulation, emphasis, inflection, pitch, time, force, transition and quality of tone. Choice selections should be read before the school, the pupil taking his eyes from the page as much as possible. By the use of this exercise and method 15, there will be little difficulty in teaching declamation. Be careful in selecting pieces to be committed to memory. Avoid the use of too much poetry, and selections too difficult for your pupils to render creditably.

Finally, reading should always be regarded as a branch of moral and esthetic culture. In the reading recitation, more than in any other, the teacher has many excellent opportunities of making such impressions as will elevate his pupils to a higher and better plane of thought and action. Show that you are deeply interested in any noble traits of character a selection may suggest, or any moral it may teach. Seize every opportunity of making your pupils better; and even when you are dead, they will remember you

with gratitude, for having developed in them the integrity and moral power, which enabled them to mount the path of honor in this life, and possibly of happiness in the life to come.

SELECTIONS.



THE ENCHANTED HILL.

In reading this selection, avoid the incorrect pronunciation of "summit," "object," "allured," "fatal," "enticements," "victims," "nature," and "passions." See Cautions 4th and 6th. In the last sentence, Rules 9th and 13th are illustrated.

AMONG the fascinating stories of the Orientals is one which describes an enchanted hill, whose summit concealed an object of incomparable worth. It was offered as a prize to him who should ascend the hill without looking behind him. But whoever ventured to secure this treasure was told that, if he did look backward, he should be instantly changed into a stone. Many a princely youth, allured by the tempting prize, had ventured up that fatal hill; and as many had been changed to stones. For the adjacent groves were filled with most melodious voices, and with birds of sweetest song, whose bewitching strains and enticements followed each youth as he ascended, till he suffered his innate curiosity to control his hopes and fears—turned his head and instantly became a stone. Hence, said the story, the hill-side was covered with stones.

To every young man, life is such an enchanted hill, with its thousands of alluring voices and its unnumbered victims, who, prompted from within themselves, have listened to some fatal charmer of the senses, and have perished. Yet no one of them ever fell of necessity. Had they repressed the

inward desire of evil, by directing the energy of their souls after the great prizes of religion and virtue, they would have become conquerors; for outward things have power only in proportion to the disposition of the mind to be affected by them. Why, for example, does the sublime and beautiful scenery of the Alps awaken no emotions of beauty or sublimity in the breast of the muleteer, whose life is spent in traversing their passages? And why does that same scenery hold the reflective and religious mind in rapt admiration? The answer is simple, but significant. Between nature and the muleteer there exists no sympathy. He is hardened against her. But the soul of the meditative and cultivated man is in harmony with her charms. Hence, over the former she has no power, while she inspires the latter with rapture. So with the charms of vice; they fall powerless upon minds which, cased in the mail of virtue, are proof against them; but they are omnipotent to those whose undisciplined passions are looking out upon life with prurient curiosity. Such young men are doomed to illustrate the fable of the Orient, and to lie along the highways of life—hardened, undone, and lost.—*Daniel Wise.*

INDUSTRY AND ELOQUENCE.

The ideas embodied in this selection ought to encourage every student of elocution. The facts stated are undisputed, and the views of the author are, undoubtedly, correct. In reading this, avoid mispronouncing “orators,” “natural,” “passed,” “intellectual,” “endowments,” “eminence,” “process,” “gesture,” “masters,” “experiment,” “last,” and “effort.” See Cautions 4th and 6th.

IN the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much

smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than among us; but of these a much larger proportion became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by occasional practice. They served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish.

The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their unrivaled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging, artificial process.

Demosthenes combated an impediment in speech and an ungainliness of gesture, which, at first, drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed, at first, through weakness of lungs and excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed. Such, too, was the education of their other great men. They were all,

according to their ability and station, orators—orators, not by nature or accident, but by education, formed in a strict process of rhetorical training.

The inference to be drawn from these observations, is, that if so many of those who received an accomplished education, became accomplished orators, because to become so was one purpose of their study; then it is in the power of a much larger proportion among us to form ourselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied until proved false by experiment.

Let this art be made an object of attention; let young men train themselves to it faithfully and long; and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found, at last, incapable of expressing themselves in continued and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of public speaking, then, and not till then, let it be said, that a peculiar talent, or natural aptitude is requisite, the want of which must render effort vain: then, and not till then, let us acquiesce in this indolent and timorous notion, which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity and all the experience of the world.—*Wirt.*

OUR SAVIOUR'S MORAL COURAGE.

Be sure that you know how to pronounce “extraordinary,” “vast,” “multitude,” “error,” “undaunted,” “duties,” and “system.” See Caution 4th. Be careful to observe Rule 5th, in the use of “every part of the country,” “southern,” “northern,” “eastern,” “western,” “wide extent of country,” “looked around,” “here one from Galilee,” “there another,” “again a third,” “distant Jerusalem,” and “throughout the land.”

THE delivery of the Sermon on the Mount is probably the most striking example of moral courage which the world

has ever seen. There are two circumstances which render the occasion on which it was delivered extraordinary. First, it was a very public occasion. A vast multitude from almost every part of the country were assembled. Judea, the southern province, and Galilee, the northern, were represented; so were the eastern and western shores of the river Jordan, and many distant cities and towns.

From all this wide extent of country a vast multitude, attracted by the fame of our Saviour's miracles, had assembled to hear what this professed messenger from heaven had to say. Again, it was probably, though not certainly, a very early occasion; perhaps the first on which the great principles of the gospel were to be announced to men by this discourse, containing, as it does, so plain and specific an exposition of the false notions of religion then prevailing.

The Saviour must have known that he was laying the foundation of that enmity which was to result in his destruction. But did he shrink? Did he hold back? Did he conceal or cover over one single obnoxious feature of the truth? He knew that the report of that meeting must be spread to every part of the country. As he looked around upon his auditory, he must have seen, here one from Galilee, there another from beyond the Jordan, and again a third, who would carry his report to distant Jerusalem; and yet, thus completely exposed, instead of attempting to soften or conceal, he brought out all the distinctive features of prevailing error, and contrasted them with the pure principles of his spiritual religion, with a plainness and a point which was exactly calculated to fix them in memory, and to circulate them most widely throughout the land. It was always so. The plainness, the point, the undaunted boldness, with which he exposed hypocrisy and sin, and the clear simplicity with

which he held up to view the principles of real piety, have no parallel. And yet he knew perfectly well that, in direct consequence of these things, a dark storm was gathering, which must burst in all its fury upon his unsheltered head.

But the enterprising and determined spirit with which Christ entered into his work, was not satisfied with his own personal exertions. He formed the extraordinary plan of sending out, simultaneously, a number of his most cordial friends and followers, to assist in making the most extensive and powerful impression possible on the community. At first he sent twelve, then seventy, who went everywhere, presenting to men the simple duties of repentance for the past, and of pure and holy lives for the future. There could not have been measures more admirably adapted to accomplish the work he had to do. And they succeeded. In two or three years it was done. And every Christian, who has work to do for his Master here, should learn a lesson from the enterprise, and system, and energy, which Jesus Christ exhibited in doing his great work.—*Abbott*.

AND WHAT THEN?

In reading this selection, several transitions with respect to character of tone, are necessary. The narrative of the writer, the language of the "holy man," and that of the "young man," each require a somewhat different tone of voice. The reason why some persons do not accomplish anything in personation is, they do not commence at the *beginning*. Until this selection can be read respectably, there is no need of undertaking anything more difficult.

A STORY is told of a good man who was living at a university, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that

what he had long been wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled; his parents having just given him leave to study law; and thereupon he had come to the law school at his university on account of his great fame, and meant to spare no labor or pains in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time; and when at last he came to a stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said: "Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?" "Then I shall take my Doctor's degree," answered the young man. "And what then?" asked he. "And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult and knotty causes to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation." "And what then?" repeated the holy man. "And then," replied the youth, "there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides, I shall make money and grow rich." "And what then?" repeated the good man. "And then," pursued the young lawyer, "I shall live comfortably and honorably in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age." "And what then?" "And then," said the youth, "I shall die." Here the holy man again asked, "And what then?" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last, *And what then?* had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get clear of it. Soon after he forsook the study of law, and gave himself up to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

The question which was put to the young lawyer, is one

which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we are doing, all that we aim at doing, even supposing that all our dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask, what will we do, what will be then? Whenever we cast our thoughts forward, never let them stop short on this side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself; but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the searching question, *And what then?*

A PATRIOT OF THE LATE WAR.

This is an excellent selection for practice in the use of natural language. The earnestness and emotion of the author can not be expressed in mere words. There are few sentences in this that do not demand some particular facial expression or gesture. Just when each gesture should be made, and the kind of gesture needed, will be sufficiently apparent to those who *study* the selection properly. It should be thoroughly committed to memory, and frequently recited. See Rules 3d and 5th, and Caution 2d.

1. CAPTAIN MILLER, an aged soldier of the Federal army in the late war, was visited at one time by a couple of young men, who, at the time of the war, were too young to engage in the struggle, but who were always interested in what the old man could tell them about the war. Upon this occasion he grew very earnest while talking to them, and, finally, drew tears from their eyes.

His musket lay on two wooden hooks against the wall of the room. He took down that musket which he had owned so long, and which in all his distress, he would never sell. Moving himself to the table, he laid one of his crutches

upon it. Resting upon the other, he shouldered the musket, striking it smartly with his right hand to make the bands rattle, as he used to do when a young soldier on dress parade.

2. Suddenly he uttered a deep sigh, and his eye glistened with a starting tear. He stood, for a short time, perfectly still, holding his musket at arm's length, and looking very steadily upon it. He appeared to be thinking of the many places where he had been with that musket. For he had carried it thousands of miles, and many friends dear to him had he seen fall bleeding around him, before his own leg was shot off in battle. Trembling with strong feeling, he wiped a tear from his furrowed cheek. "Oh," said the aged man, "I have not words to express my thoughts. The memory of past years rushes like a flood and hurries my mind away from this little cottage that shelters me.

3. I fancy myself standing on a high mountain, surveying the grandest nation on which the sun ever shone. I behold myriads of children through a long train of generations, thoughtless, gay as the birds, and liable to go astray because they know not their own blessings. Oh, that they would listen to the warnings of age and be wise! If I could, I would speak to all the young people of America at once. My voice should be heard from the shores of Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from the ocean to the inland seas. I would lay the great cause of our dear country before them. I would call up every noble feeling in their bosoms. I would put the question to their hearts, Can you content yourselves to follow at a distance the slavish rules of foreign lands, instead of raising high the banner of our own freedom as a model for all nations?

4. Have you read what your fathers and brothers have

done? Have you heard of the glory they gained? And do these things seem like old fables, because they happened without the immediate vicinity of your own neighborhood? Go, then, my young friends, and view the fields they trod, when the sun looked fiery and dim through the smoke of war, and stout hearts fainted; when widows and orphans were multiplied as their defenders fell. Go, in the generous ardor of youth, and trace upon the frost-bound earth, to Tennessee, the honest farmers of our land, by their footsteps marked in blood. Behold the suffering band, and some of your kinsmen among them. Their anxious chief watching in his little tent through the silent hours of night, and learn of them to love your country.

5. Go to Gettysburg, to Antietam, to Pittsburg Landing, or the bloody fields of Nashville and Atlanta. See our brave men cut down on the battle plain, steeping the soil with their warm blood, breathing their prayers to heaven at once for their own parting souls and their country's cause, and inquire of them if the privileges you enjoy were bought at a cheap rate. Go where Europe has for a hundred ages swelled her domes refined in vice and strengthened her abuses. See there the pale victim of lawless power in his lone dungeon, encircled by chains and torturing machines, wearing away his life by slow degrees, without hope of seeing upon earth a helping hand or a pitying tear, and ask him if freedom is a blessing of trifling value.

6. Oh, my dear lads," said he to the young men, "you are just entering upon the stage of manhood; full of life and heart-cheering hope. You see me, poor and decrepit, drawing near to the grave, my resting place. But such as I am, I have always lived an honest life. I have abhorred fraud and falsehood. I have tried to be useful to my fellow

men. I can lay my hand on my heart, and look up with humble confidence to that Being who knows all my thoughts; and I would not change my situation, as a free American, with the proudest monarch of the globe. No, no! Not all their glittering trappings, nor bayonets of pampered guards, nor flattering tongues, can save them from a guilty conscience and a dying bed."

Observe the appropriate inflection in reading the direct questions at the conclusion of the third verse and beginning of the fourth. For the *series* concluding this selection, see Rule 12th.

ECONOMY.

This selection is an excellent reading exercise. Considerable modulation is necessary in order to do justice to the author. A poor reader will give the language of the author, and that of the persons alluded to, all in the same tone of voice. The quotations should be expressed in the conversational tone, but care should be taken to not express the language of *Ralph* and that of the *exquisites* in the *same* tone. The tone of a sensible young man like *Ralph*, is generally more cultivated and pleasant than the tone of "an empty-brained exquisite." Short explanatory passages from the author, interlarding direct quotations, should be regarded as *parenthetical* expressions. See Rule 19th, and Caution 8th.

RALPH MONTCALM is a merchant's clerk, enjoying a fair salary. His age is about twenty-two; his appearance is genteel, without foppishness; his manners are gentlemanly and polite, without affectation. By strict fidelity to the duties of his station, he has gained a high reputation for industry, energy, and integrity. He is also understood to be worth a few hundred dollars, which he has invested with great caution and judgment, where it will yield him a safe and profitable return. The general impression concerning

him, among the merchants in his vicinity, is, that he will one day be a man of some importance in society. A shrewd business man remarked, one day, to his employer, "Your clerk has the elements of a successful merchant."

"Yes, sir; Ralph is destined to wield considerable influence 'on 'change,' one of these days; and being very economical in his habits, he can hardly fail of becoming a rich man." Such was the reply of Ralph's master. It showed that the clerk was acting on those principles which insure success. Yet Ralph's conduct found no sympathy from the fashionable disciples of dandyism, who were filling situations similar to his own, as will be seen from the following conversations.

Ralph was walking home, one evening, from his counting-room, when a fellow clerk, who was quite an exquisite in his own estimation, overtook him. He was puffing a cigar after the most approved fashion. Stepping up to Ralph, he touched him on the arm, and said, "Good evening, Mr. Montcalm."

"Good evening, sir," replied Ralph, to this salutation.

A few commonplaces passed between them, and then the dandy, taking out his case of Havanas, said, "Will you take a cigar with me, Mr. Montcalm?"

"I thank you, sir, but I never smoke," replied Ralph, with an emphasis which left no room for persuasion.

"Never smoke!" exclaimed the astonished dandy, replacing the cigar-case in his pocket. "What on earth can induce you to deny yourself so delicious a luxury?"

"It is a luxury that costs too much, sir, for me to indulge in it. I really can not afford it."

"O, I see," retorted the smoker, as he puffed forth an enormous column of smoke from his steaming mouth; "you

belong to the race of misers, and are set on saving your money, instead of enjoying life as it passes. For my part, I despise all such stinginess, and calculate to enjoy all the pleasure money will buy."

Ralph took no notice of his companion's impolite insinuations, but in a kindly tone answered: "The use of tobacco, in any form, is positively injurious to health and intellect; as a habit, it is filthy, vulgar, and disgusting, to all but those who use it. Beside this, it makes a heavy and constant drain on the purse. I confess I am too stingy to pay so high a price for a 'luxury' which would shorten my life, fill me with disease, and render me disgusting to others. I would rather save my money for high and noble uses."

This sensible reply was too much for the smoker to endure. He, therefore, gruffly replied: "You talk more like a Puritan than a gentleman;" and hurried forward, leaving Ralph to his reflections, which were certainly more agreeable than the company of such an empty-brained exquisite.

On another occasion, he was thrown into the society of another of these contemptible children of fashion, who, in the course of conversation, inquired, "Where do you board, Mr. Montcalm?"

"At Mrs. Brown's, in Grace street."

"Indeed! How can you think of boarding in such an unfashionable street?"

"It is my fashion to seek respectability, comfort, cleanliness, and purity, in my home; and all these I have at Mrs. Brown's."

"That may be; but Grace street is such an unfashionable street—and Mrs. Brown is a poor woman."

"Very true; but still I find genuine comfort, abundant food and amiable society at her house; and at a price which

I can well afford to pay. What, then, should I gain by going up town to one of your fashionable houses? What do you pay where you board?"

"I pay rather high in proportion to my salary, to be sure. My board costs me six dollars a week. But then every thing is in style; the boarders are all *fashionable* young men, and I get into some of the highest society in the city through their influence, besides gaining the reputation of being fashionable myself."

"But how do you manage to meet all your expenses? Your salary is only five hundred dollars per annum. You pay over three hundred dollars for board. Your other expenses are in proportion. I do not see how you can ever expect to rise above your clerkship, or even to marry, without saving something for capital; and saving, according to your statements, is out of the question."

"Saving! Don't talk of saving, Mr. Montcalm! I should be very happy to be out of debt. As to business or marriage, I dare not think of either, unless some good-natured merchant should be foolish enough to make me his partner."

"You may well say foolish; for who but a good-natured fool would dream of taking you, or any other slave of fashionable life, into partnership? For myself, I intend both to marry and to enter into business at a proper time. Hence, I can not afford to be a fashionable young man. It costs too much. I prefer the real comfort of a respectable home, and the gains of frugality, to the ruinous reputation of being 'a man of fashion.' I wish you good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Montcalm," replied the fashionable young gentleman, and they parted; the former to mount the

path of honor, the latter to flutter a while, like a stupid moth, around the lamp of fashion, to burn his wings, and then to crawl in obscurity to an unhonored grave.

—*Daniel Wise.*

PARRHASIUS.

Parrhasius was a Grecian painter. He once painted a picture in which Prometheus was represented as chained, and undergoing the agonies of death. The painter had his servants put a "captive" to death, in order that he might observe the expression of countenance caused by extreme torture, and transfer it to his canvas.

In this selection, the importance of natural language is well illustrated. The first stanza is descriptive, the last didactic, and the others, dramatic. The dramatic part should be rendered in quite a different manner from the other parts.

The description of a past event as present, and all forms of personation, are sometimes called *extraordinary* elocution. All other kinds of discourse, *ordinary* elocution. Study the first five rules, then study Parrhasius. This selection should be committed to memory.

1. PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus:
The vultures at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

2. "Bring me the captive now:
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift

From my waked spirit, airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens; around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

3. "Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick! or he faints! Stand with the cordial near!
Now, bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh,
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

4. "So! let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

5. "Pity thee? So I do;
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

6. "Ah! there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me;
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!

7. "Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle

The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild;

8. “ All! I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
 Oh heavens! but I appall
Your heart, old man: forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

9. Vain—vain—give o’er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow!
 Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception, with the scorn of those calm lips!

10. Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now; that was a difficult breath;
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death?
 Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so, he’s dead!”

11. How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules this unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit’s lip,
We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish.

—Willis.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY FOR THE ORATOR.

When the student of elocution becomes discouraged, he should study the following selection. It is certainly well calculated to "renew his spiritual strength." In this, a careless reader will mispronounce "history," "eminent," "multitudes," "attainments," "master," "produce," "instruments," "Creator," "fashioned," "intellectual," "gifts," "encouragement," "effort," instructor," and "sentiment." See Webster's, or Worcester's Dictionary. Observe the concluding series in the last verse. See Rule 13th.

1. THE history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent author has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

2. For any other art they would serve an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public, before they have learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and, only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce anything to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies, in sensible forms, before his eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails.

3. If he were learning to play on the flute for public

exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sounds, and its full richness and delicacy of expression. And yet, he will fancy, that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice. He comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and to command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind forever, that he attempts in vain.

4. Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes, none would venture to suppose. If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts of improvement, their countries would have been little benefited by their genius, and the world would never have known their fame. They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sank to oblivion around them.

5. Of how many more will the same remark prove true!

What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground through mere sluggishness in the delivery! How unworthy of one who performs the high function of a religious instructor—upon whom depends, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, the devotional sentiment, and final character of many fellow beings—to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct or attractive; and which, simply through that want of command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble and trifling! It has been said of a great preacher, that “Truths divine come mended from his tongue.” Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.—*H. Ware, Jr.*

DEATH OF GENERAL LYON.

The heroic death of General Lyon at the battle of Wilson's Creek, admirably illustrates the patriotic devotion of the true American soldier. It is stated that “Funeral honors attended General Lyon, from the field where he fell, across one-half a continent. Such honors were never before, perhaps, paid to so young a general.”

For grand and beautiful imagery, touching pathos and real force, ABBOTT certainly has no superior. The student of elocution would do well to study his “Civil War in America.” This extract is an excellent declamatory exercise. Considerable *action* is necessary in its

correct delivery. Observe the sudden transitions, with respect to pitch, necessary in the use of the quotations in the last verse.

1. The battle was now commenced by a fire of shot and shell from Capt. Totten's battery, and soon become general. In vain did the rebel host endeavor to drive Lyon from his well-chosen position. On the right, on the left, and in front they assailed him, in charge succeeding charge, but in vain. His quick eye detected every movement and successfully met and defeated it. The overwhelming number of the rebels enabled them to replace, after each repulse, their defeated forces with fresh regiments, while Lyon's little band found no time for rest, no respite from the battle. The rebel host surged, wave after wave upon his heroic lines, as billows of the sea dash upon the coast. And as the rocks upon that coast beat back the flood, so did these heroic soldiers of freedom, with courage which would have ennobled veterans, and with patriotism which has won a nation's homage and love, hurl back the tireless surges of rebellion, which threatened to engulf them. It will be enough for any of these patriots to say, "I was at the battle of Wilson's Creek," to secure the warmest grasp of every patriot's hand.

2. Wherever the missiles of death flew thickest, and the peril of the battle was most imminent, there was Gen. Lyon surely to be found. His young troops needed this encouragement on the part of their adored leader, and it inspired them with bravery, which nothing else could have conferred. His horse had been shot under him; three times he had been wounded, and though faint from loss of blood, he refused to retire even to have his wounds dressed; in vain did his officers beseech him to avoid so much exposure. It was one of those eventful hours, which Gen. Lyon fully comprehended, in which there was no hope but in despair.

Again and again had the enemy been repulsed, only to return again and again, with fresh troops, to the charge. Colonels Mitchell, Deitzler and Andrews were all severely wounded. All the men were exhausted with the long and unintermitted battle, and it seemed as though one puff of war's fierce tempest would now sweep away the thin and tremulous line.

3. Just then the rebels again formed in a fresh and solid column for the charge. With firm and rapid tread, and raising unearthly yells, they swept up the slope. Gen. Lyon called for the troops, standing nearest him, to form for the opposing charge. Undaunted, and ready for the battle as ever, they inquired, "Who will be our leader?" "Come on, brave men," shouted General Lyon, "I will lead you." In a moment he was at their head. At the next moment they were on the full run; at the next a deadly storm of bullets swept the ranks, staggering but not checking them in their impetuous advance. On—on they rushed for God and Liberty; and in another moment, the foe were dispersed like dust by the gale. The victory was entire; this division of the rebels could rally no more; the army was saved; *but Lyon was dead!* Two bullets had pierced his bosom. As he fell, one of his officers sprang to his side, and inquired anxiously, "Are you hurt?" "Not much," was his faint reply. They were his last words. He fell asleep to wake no more. O! hateful pro-slavery rebellion! such are the victims immolated upon thy polluted shrine. Indignation is blended with the tears we shed, over such sacrifices which we have been compelled to offer to the demon of slavery. A nation mourned the loss of Lyon, the true Christian knight, without fear and without reproach. His remains now repose in the peaceful graveyard of his native village.—*John S. C. Abbott.*

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

The speeches of Patrick Henry are particularly suitable for purposes of elocutionary drill. It is earnestly recommended that this extract be well committed, and frequently recited. No better exercise can be found for the development of a full, strong voice. It were better to use this well, than to blunder over the whole speech. Care must be taken to keep the lungs well inflated, in order that the emphatic words and phrases may be properly uttered. The "orotund" tone of voice is here demanded. In the closing sentence, the *pitch* should be lowered, and the *force* increased.

1. THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

2. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The victory is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be

heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

3. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

In rendering this, four varieties of manner are required: one for the narrative of the author, and a different one for each of the three characters to be personated. This will demand several sudden transitions with respect to manner. See Rule 4th.

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys.
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book;
When suddenly behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.

“What’s that?” the startled master cries;
“That, thir,” a little imp replies,
“Wath William Willith, if you pleathe;
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe.”
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, “Hither, Will!”
Like wretch o’ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered: “I’m amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude;
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to’t?”
“’Twas she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad;
“I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was ’fraid of girls,
And dursn’t kiss a baby’s doll,
I couldn’t stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—boo—hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo—hoo—
I thought she kind o’ wished me to!”

J. W. Palmer.

NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

Have you ever observed how much more captivating a rhetorical exercise is, when accompanied by appropriate action? Make use of the necessary gestures in such passages as, "up to the immovable, unfading heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth," "grave stood near him," "right hand," "the left," "face upturned to heaven" "a star shoot from heaven, and glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth," etc. I have heard a young lady read this, and a young man declaim it, with excellent effect.

1. On new-year's night, an old man stood at his window, and looked with a glance of fearful despair, up to the immovable, unfading heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was now so joyless and sleepless as he. His grave stood near him; it was covered only with the snows of age, not with the verdure of youth; and he brought with him out of a whole, rich life, nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a wasted body; a desolate soul; a heart, full of poison; and an old age, full of repentance.

2. The happy days of his early youth passed before him, like a procession of specters, and brought back to him that lovely morning, when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life, where the right hand led by the sunny paths of virtue, into a large and quiet land, full of light and harvests; and the left plunged by the subterranean walks of vice, into a black cave, full of distilling poison, of hissing snakes, and of dark, sultry vapors.

3. Alas, the snakes were hanging upon his breast, and the drops of poison on his tongue; and he now, at length, felt all the horrors of his situation. Distracted with unspeakable grief, and with a face up-turned to heaven, he cried, "My father! give me back my youth! O, place me once again upon life's cross-way, that I may choose aright."

But his father and his youth were long since gone. He saw phantom-lights dancing upon the marshes and disappearing at the church yard; and he said, "These are my foolish days!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth. "Behold an emblem of my career," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent tooth of repentance digged deeper into his wounds.

4. His excited imagination showed him specters flying upon the roof, and a skull, which had been left in the charnel-house, gradually assumed his own features. In the midst of this confusion of objects, the music of the new year flowed down from the steeple, like distant church-melodies. His heart began to melt. He looked around the horizon, and over the wide earth, and thought of all the friends of his youth, who now, better and happier than he, were the wise of the earth, prosperous men, and the fathers of happy children; and he said, "Like you, I also might slumber, with tearless eyes, through the long nights, had I chosen aright in the outset of my career. Ah, my father! had I hearkened to thy instructions, I too might have been happy."

5. In this feverish remembrance of his youthful days, a skull bearing his own features seemed slowly to rise from the door of the charnel-house. At length, by that superstition which, in the new-year's night, sees the shadow of the future, it became a living youth. He could look no longer; he covered his eyes; a thousand burning tears streamed down his cheeks, and fell upon the snow. In accents scarcely audible, he sighed disconsolately: "O, days of my youth, return, return!" And they did return. It had only been a horrible dream. But, although he was still a youth, his errors had been a reality. And he thanked God, that he, still young, was able to pause in the degrading course of

vice, and return to the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests.

6. Return with him, young man, if thou art walking in the same downward path, lest his dream become thy reality. For if thou turnest not now, in the spring time of thy days, vainly, in after years, when the shadows of age are darkening around thee, shalt thou call, "O, beautiful days of youth, return!" Those beautiful days—gone, gone forever, and hidden in the shadows of the misty past—shall close their ears against thy miserable cries, or answer thee in hollow accents, "Alas! we return no more."—*Richter*.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

This should be read in the manner of addressing one personally. It requires the conversational tone of a cultivated person.

1. We may go through the world, but it will be slow,
If we listen all that is said as we go.
We will be worried and fretted and kept in a stew;
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do.
For people will talk, you know, people will talk;
Oh, yes, they must talk, you know.
2. If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
Your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool.
For people will talk.
3. If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen—
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright and honest and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way.
For people will talk.

4. And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, and don't stop to complain.
For people will talk.
5. If threadbare your coat, and old-fashioned your hat,
Some one of course will take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever you say.
For people will talk.
6. If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they will criticise then in a different shape,
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's nought to be made.
For people will talk.
7. They'll talk fine before you; but then at your back,
Of venom and slander there's never a lack;
How kind and polite in all that they say,
But bitter as gall when you are away.
For people will talk.
8. The best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it isn't any use.
For people will talk, you know, people will talk;
O, yes, they must talk, you know.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

“When it became certain that the Declaration of Independence would be adopted and confirmed by the signatures of the delegates in the Continental Congress, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, ‘*Proclaim liberty to all the land; to all the inhabitants thereof!*’ and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the hall, to await the instruction of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word that the document had been signed, the little patriot scion rushed out, and flinging up his hands, shouted, ‘ring! *Ring!* RING!’”

1. THERE was a tumult in the city,
 In that quaint old Quaker town,
 And the streets were rife with people
 Pacing restless up and down;
 People gathering at the corners,
 Where they whispered each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the earnestness of speech.
2. As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
 So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door;
 And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
 Till the quiet street of Chestnut
 Was all turbulent with sound.
3. “Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
 “Who is speaking?”—“What’s the news?”
 “What of Adams?”—“What of Sherman?”
 “O! God grant they won’t refuse!”

“ Make some way there !”—“ Let me nearer !”

“ I am stifling !” “ Stifle, then,
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men !”

4. So they beat against the portal,
 Men and women, maid and child;
 And the July sun in heaven
 On the scene looked down and smiled;
 The same sun that saw the Spartan
 Shed his patriot blood in vain,
 Now beheld his soul in freedom
 All unconquered, rise again.
5. So they surged against the State House,
 While, all solemnly inside,
 Sat the Continental Congress,
 Truth and reason for their guide,
 O’er a simple scroll debating—
 Which, though simple it might be—
 Yet should shake the cliffs of England
 With the thunders of the free.
6. At the portal of the State House,
 Like some beacon in a storm,
 Round which waves are wildly beating,
 Stood a boyish slender form:
 With his eyes fixed on the steeple
 And his ears agape with greed
 To catch the first announcement
 Of the signing of the deed.
7. Aloft, in that high steeple
 Sat the bellman, old and gray—

He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway,
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
The happy news to tell.

8. See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.
9. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring," he shouts, "Ring! Grandpa!
Ring! Oh! Ring! for Liberty!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.
10. How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumined the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,
Fair Liberty arose.

11. That old bell is silent now,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives—forever young,
And while we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who between the earth and sky,
Rang out *Our Independence*;
Which, please God, *shall never die*.
—Anonymous.
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THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

It will not be difficult to determine the kind of action necessary in rendering this selection. In pronouncing the word *God*, the short sound of the vowel should be slightly broadened; but do not say "Gawd."

I have heard a lady pupil declaim this, with very good effect.

1. A FIRM belief in the existence of God will heighten all the enjoyments of life, and, by conforming our hearts to his will, will secure the approbation of a good conscience, and inspire us with the hopes of a blessed immortality. Never be tempted to disbelieve the existence of God, when everything around you proclaims it in a language too plain not to be understood. Never cast your eyes on creation, without having your souls expanded with this sentiment: *There is a God*.

2. When you survey this globe of earth, with all its appendages; when you behold it inhabited by numberless ranks of creatures, all moving in their proper spheres, all verging to their proper ends, all animated by the same

great source of life, all supported at the same great bounteous table; when you behold, not only the earth, but the ocean, and the air, swarming with living creatures, all happy in their situation; when you behold yonder sun darting an effulgent blaze of glory over the heavens, garnishing mighty worlds, and waking ten thousand songs of praise; when you behold unnumbered systems diffused through vast immensity, clothed in splendor, and rolling in majesty; when you behold these things, your affections will rise above all the vanities of time; your full souls will struggle with ecstasy, and your reason, passions, and feelings, all united, will rush up to the skies, with a devout acknowledgment of the existence, power, wisdom, and goodness of God. Let us behold Him, let us wonder, let us praise and adore. These things will make us happy.

—*From Northend's American Speaker.*

ENERGY.

This selection would answer a good purpose for a class of five students: each one declaiming a verse in turn. Each verse demands some *energy*.

1. ENERGY is the soul of every great achievement: while enervation emasculates the spirit, and dooms the man to obscurity and ill success. Men of feeble action are accustomed to attribute their misfortunes to what is vulgarly termed "ill luck." They envy the men who climb the ladder of eminence, and call them "the favorite children of fortune—lucky men, and men of peculiar opportunity." This is a vain and foolish imagination. It is not ill fortune, so much as an enervated mind, that keeps thousands

in inglorious obscurity. The blundering student, who stammers out an ill-learned lesson in his college class, and gains his diploma, at last, through indulgence rather than merit, owes his degraded position more to that voluntary mental imbecility which has ever shrunk from the labor of study, than to any absolute mental inferiority. His triumphant classmate, who quits his college adorned with the proudest honors of his *Alma Mater*, is as much indebted to his persevering energy, as to his native genius, for his honorable victory. He might, had he been equally supine, have been equally degraded with his unhonored classmate. But his energy saved him. So, in all the other walks of life, energy produces good fortune and success, while enervation breeds misfortune and "bad luck."

2. If any one desires a confirmation of these ideas, let him carefully study the history of every man who has written his name on the walls of the Temple of Fame. Let him view such minds in their progress toward greatness. He will see them rising step by step, in the face of stubborn difficulties, which gave way before them only because their courage would not be daunted, nor their energy wearied. He will find no exception in the history of mankind. Supine, powerless souls have always fainted before hostile circumstances, and sank beneath their opportunities; while men of power have wrestled with sublime vigor against all opposing men and things, and obtained success because they would not be defeated.

3. I might illustrate these views from the biography of any eminent man; but I select Christopher Columbus as peculiarly adapted to my purpose. Bred to the profession of seamanship, and having a strong passion for geographical studies, his thoughtful mind conceived the idea that un-

known empires existed west of the great Atlantic. He dwelt upon this thought till it became fixed in his mind with singular firmness. It fired his soul with noble enthusiasm; it gave elevation to his spirit; it clothed his person with dignity, and inspired his demeanor with loftiness. Thus animated, he resolved to realize the truth of his great conception. Now came the test of his character. The idea itself was grand, and its conception bespoke the possession of a towering and glorious intellect. But, to make that conception a reality, to prove himself a true son of genius, and not a mere romantic dreamer, required the exercise of such a measure of faith, self-reliance, and enduring energy as is seldom demanded of any man, even in the greatest of human enterprises.

4. But Columbus felt equal to his work, and he set about with a purpose to do it. How sublime does he appear in his conflict with poverty, ridicule, and ignorance! The announcement of his beloved idea was greeted with torrents of derisive sarcasm, from prince and peasant, from learned savans and stupid dunces. And it was only after the most energetic, and long-continued perseverance, that he obtained the long-delayed means, and set sail on seas whose waters had never before been cleaved by a vessel's prow. With what high and confident expectation did the adventurous discoverer pass the boundaries of former navigation! With what patient zeal did he overcome the superstition which made cowards of his mariners, and the ignorant envy which very nearly converted them into mutineers! By the force of his own indomitable will alone, he soothed their fears, and held them to their duties, till he proudly anchored his vessels off the shores of the New World. And when the haughty flag of Spain flaunted in the breezes of the

Western Hemisphere, as the sign of its subjugation to the crown of Isabella, it chiefly proclaimed the moral majesty of that unconquerable energy through which the noble-minded Columbus had singly defied the most formidable obstacles, and revealed a hidden world to the wondering eyes of mankind.

5. Are you, my friend, an aspirant after distinguished success? Then you must diligently cultivate an untiring, persisting, victorious energy, like that which gave Columbus his renown. Is your lot lowly and your sphere very limited? Are your difficulties apparently insurmountable? What then? Are you, therefore, to write yourself a nothing, and remain a cipher in society? Nay! You must rather bring an irresistible force of character to bear upon every work of life. Be supine in nothing. Never despair of success in any judicious enterprise. Resolve to accomplish whatever you undertake; and though you may not discover a new world, like Columbus; nor introduce mankind to the occult mysteries of nature, like Newton; nor attain the wealth of Rothschild, or Astor; yet you may climb to the summit of your profession, attain to honorable distinction, and transmit to your posterity that most valuable of all bequests, *a good name.*—*Daniel Wise.*

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Observe that the last line of the first stanza, all of the second stanza, and the quotation in the fourth, are examples of extraordinary elocution, demanding an exercise of the *imagination* and *imitation*. The last line in the first, demands a very low pitch; the last line in the second, a very high pitch; the quotation in the fourth, an aspirated tone, or intense whisper. Elevate the pitch and increase the

emphasis, in the use of "nearer, clearer, deadlier," giving to "deadlier" the highest pitch and greatest emphasis. A part of the second, and all of the fourth, demand *fast time*. As an elocutionary exercise, this selection is interesting and important. *Study it*.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
2. Did you not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!
3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise.
4. And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come!
They come!"

—Byron.

VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

This is an excellent exercise in transition, with respect to pitch. The narrative of the author requires the lowest pitch; the shouts of "Treason," the highest. The language of Henry requires a medium pitch, the orotund tone, fast time and strong force. Be careful to change from one pitch to another, at the proper places.

IN 1765, the famous Stamp Act was passed. It had long been contemplated by the enemies of America, but no British statesman, up to this time, had ventured to urge its passage. * * The House of Burgesses of Virginia was in session when the news arrived. Odious as the measure was, there was danger in opposing it, and no one durst introduce the subject. Patrick Henry was the youngest member. After waiting in vain for older men to lead the way, he hastily drew up on the blank leaf of an old law-book five resolutions, which in strong terms asserted the rights of the colonies, and denied the authority of Parliament to impose taxes upon them. The reading of these resolutions produced unbounded consternation in the House. The Speaker and many of the members were royalists, and a protracted and violent debate followed. But the eloquence of Henry bore down all opposition. Indignant at the attempt to in-

thrall his country, the fearless orator, in the midst of an impassioned harangue, exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—" "Treason!" shouted the Speaker. "Treason! Treason!" was heard in different parts of the House. "And George III.," repeated Henry with flashing eye and unfaltering voice, "may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it." Again the young mountaineer triumphed. The resolutions were carried. They were circulated throughout the colonies, and everywhere excited the same determined spirit that they breathed.—*Quackenbos.*

AN INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

This address is suitable for a school entertainment. A literary entertainment at the close of a term, or the school year, is pleasant and profitable to all concerned, if properly conducted. The teacher should choose a pupil, who can declaim well, to present this exercise.

RESPECTED FRIENDS:—The occasion which has called us together, at this time, is one of no ordinary interest. Again we have the pleasure of meeting those who are dear to us, not in the halls of mirth and gayety, not at the festive board, not where political strife has a ruling sway over the passions of man, but where youth, in their simplicity and tenderness, meet to unfold the intellect, and cherish those virtues which secure honor and happiness for the future.

Expect not, kind friends, that we have invited you here to charm you with strains of eloquence, or to exhibit ourselves as masters of the art of speaking, but merely to witness the efforts of those who are striving to make improvement. Long and hard have we labored, under the guidance of our teacher, to acquire a store of knowledge

that shall fit us for usefulness in after life. Much is due to the kind and persevering efforts of our teacher, who has so earnestly labored to bring before you so many who are willing to take an active part in the exercises of this occasion; and we sincerely hope that what you may now witness will not be wholly void of interest to you.

We feel that our privileges have been great, and, if we have not made improvement, we shall be obliged to confess that we have been negligent of our duties, and inattentive to the instructions of our teacher; for we are sure that every reasonable effort has been made to advance us in the path of usefulness and knowledge. But, we humbly trust, that our time and our advantages have not been wholly misimproved, and that we shall, on this occasion, furnish some evidence to show that we have accomplished something. We would not, at this time, forget that kind Providence which has watched over us during the past year, and which has so highly favored us and our dear friends. While our hearts are truly grateful for the continuance of life, and so many of life's blessings, let us not forget that

We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along;
The worshiped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream,—passing away.
Passing away! sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill.
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time,
And man, at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes in his own dust, passing away.

—*From Northend's American Speaker.*

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

This celebrated charge was made October 25th, 1854, in the Crimean War, while the Russian army on the one side, and the French and English on the other, were encamped near Balaklava, a village on the northern shore of the Black Sea. The charge was exceedingly daring and reckless. It was the result of a misunderstanding of orders. Of 630 men composing the brigade, only 150 returned.

This demands a full, strong voice, and an animated style of delivery.

1. HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 “Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!” he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
2. “Forward, the Light Brigade!”
 Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldiers knew
 Some one had blundered!
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
3. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well ;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade !
Oh, the wild charge they made !

All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred. — *Tennyson.*

ONE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

John Fitzpatrick, one of the Light Brigade, died of starvation in England. He had received a pension of six pence a day, which, however, was withdrawn several years ago, and he endeavored to eke out a miserable existence by riding in circus pageants. Old age and disease unfitted him for this or any other work; the only refuge for the disabled soldier was the poor-house, from which he shrank in horror. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was, "Died of starvation, and the case a disgrace to the War Office."

1. SPEED the news! Speed the news!
 Speed the news onward!
 "Died of starvation" one
 Of the six hundred;
 One who his part had played
 Well in the Light Brigade,
 When through the vale of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
2. Food to the right of him,
 Food to the left of him
 Food all around, yet
 The veteran hungered;
 He who through shot and shell
 Fearlessly rode, and well,
 And when ordered to charge,
 Shrank not nor lingered.

3. "Off to the work-house, you!"
Back in dismay he drew,
Feeling he never knew
 When cannon thundered.
His not to plead, or sigh,
His but to starve and die,
And to a pauper's grave
Sink with a soul as brave
As through the vale of death
 Rode the six hundred.
4. Flashed a proud spirit there,
Up through the man's despair,
Shaming the servile there;
Scaring the timid, while
 Sordid souls wondered;
Then turned to face his fate
Calmly, with soul as great
As when through shot and shell
 He rode with six hundred
With high hope elate,
Laughing in the face of fate—
 Rode with six hundred.
5. Hunger his mate by day,
Sunday and working day,
Winter and summer day—
 Shame on the nation!
Struggling with might and main,
Smit by disease and pain,
He, in Victoria's reign,
 "Died of starvation."

While yet the land with pride
Tells of the headlong ride
Of the six hundred,
While yet the welkin rings,
While yet the Laureate sings,
"Some one has blundered,"
Let us with bated breath
Tell how one starved to death
Of the six hundred.

6. What can that horror hide?
O! the dread death he died!
Well may men wonder.
One of the Light Brigade,
One, who that charge had made,
Died of sheer hunger!

—*New York Sun.*

THE WILD FOURTH OF JULY ORATOR.

A young man who had great confidence in his oratorical ability, was invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration. His gesticulation was so frequent and vehement, and his whole manner of expression so unbecoming, that he gained the above appellation. This, it is claimed, is a specimen of his oration. See Caution 3d.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This is the ever adorable, commemorable, and patriotic Fourth of July. This is the day when the American Eagle burst from his iron cage, and, with a Yankee Doodle scream, pounced upon his affrighted tyrants and tore their despotic habiliments into a thousand gilets. This, fellow citizens, is the Fourth day of July—a day well worthy to be the first day of the year,

and a day which shall be emblazoned on our latest country's history, when all other days have sunk into oblivious *non compos mentis*. This, fellow citizens, is the day when our ancestral progenitors unanimously fought, died and bled, in order that we and our children's children might cut their own vine and fig tree, without daring to molest anybody, nor make anybody afraid. This, I repeat, is the Fourth of July; and who is there that can sit supinely downward on this prognostic anniversary without reverting his mental reminiscences to the great epochs of the Revolution—to the blood-bespangled plains of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and Yorktown, and track the heroic heroes of those times through trackless snows, and blood-stained deserts, to the eternal mansions of the free trade and sailor's rights. This is the day when we ought to think about the adorable privileges and prerogatives that fall like heavenly dew upon every American citizen, from the shores of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the ocean to the inland seas. This is when we ought to think about the blessings that stretch away from the roaring Atlantic to the yellow banks of the California, and where the jingling of the golden boulders mixes up with the screams of the catamount, and where the mountain goat leaps from rock to rock, and—and—where—and where—and I thank you for your attention.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

It will add much to the effect, if a flag be placed in the proper position, and the declaimer address it. In the absence of a flag, the declaimer should imagine that one is to his right, and look mainly in that direction. This selection is of *special* importance to the student of elocution, and, when properly rendered, is thrillingly interesting.

The first stanza is descriptive, and is expressed in the past tense. The others are dramatic and are addressed directly to the flag, constituting an example of extraordinary elocution.

1. WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
2. Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest tramping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
 Where strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbinger of victory.
3. Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,

When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
5. Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner waving o'er us.

—*Drake.*

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

This address is peculiarly suitable for the last day of the school year. I have frequently heard it rendered and accompanied by the tears of parents, pupils and teachers. Observe that the first verse is to be addressed to the visitors; the second, to the teacher or teachers; the third, to the other pupils of the school.

1. WE thank you, friends, who have come hither on this occasion, to encourage and cheer us with your presence. We thank you, who have gone so far and learned so much on your journey of life, that you so kindly look back and smile upon us, just setting out on our pilgrimage. We thank you who have climbed so high up the Hill of Science, that you condescend to pause a moment in your course, and bestow a cheering, animating glance on us, who, almost invisible in the distance, are toiling over the roughness of the first ascent. May you go on your way in peace, your path, like the sun, waxing brighter and brighter till the perfect day; and may the light of your example long linger in blessings on those of us who shall survive to take your places in the broad and busy world!

2. We thank you, respected instructor, for your paternal care, your faithful counsels, and affectionate instructions. You have opened before us those ways of wisdom which are full of pleasantness and peace. You have warned us

of danger, when danger beset our path; you have removed obstacles, when obstacles impeded our progress; you have corrected us when in error, and cheered us when discouraged. You have told us of the bright rewards of knowledge and virtue, and of the fearful recompense of ignorance and vice. In the name of my companions, I thank you—warmly, sincerely thank you for it all. Our lips cannot express the gratitude that glows within our hearts; but we will endeavor, with the blessing of Heaven, to testify it in our future lives, by dedicating all that we are, and all that we may attain, to the promotion of virtue and the good of mankind.

3. And now, my beloved companions, I turn to you. Long and happy has been our connection as members of this school; but with this day it must close forever. No longer shall we sit in these seats to listen to the voice that woos us to be wise; no more shall we sport together on the noisy green, or wander in the silent grove. Other scenes, other society, other pursuits, await us. We must part; but parting shall only draw closer the ties that bind us. The setting sun and the evening star, which have so often witnessed our social intimacies and joys, shall still remind us of the scenes that are past. While we live on the earth, may we cherish a grateful remembrance of each other; and, Oh! in Heaven, may our friendship be purified and perpetuated! And now, to old and young, to patrons and friends, to instructor and associates, we tender our reluctant and affectionate *farewell*.

—*From Northend's American Speaker.*

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

It is proper to remain seated while reading this. The language of Little Jo should be rendered in a very feeble tone, and the *manner* should indicate great suffering, and finally, death. The thoughtful student will readily see where transitions with respect to tone and manner should be made. This selection is greatly appreciated by persons of good taste.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown, that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothing. I feel better you can't think, Mr. Sangsby. I'm verry sorry that I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and giv' a illness to the lady as wos here, and none of em never says nothing to me for having done it. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah, Jo!' she ses, 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me something fur to ease me, and when he come a bendin' over me and a speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I was thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "was, as you was able to write very large p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was thinkin' on then, Mr. Sangsby, was, that when I was moved on as fur as ever I could go, whether you might be so good, p'raps, as to write out very large, so as any one could see it, that I was truly hearty sorry that I done it; and that I never went fur to do it; and that I hoped Mr. Woodcot would be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could say it very large, he might."

"It shall say it, Jo; very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's very kind in you, sir, and it makes me feel better I was before."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown. He has never been so close to a case requiring so many, and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

(Another Scene—Mr. Woodcourt Enters.)

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was at Tom Allan's again. Ain't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to Tom Allan's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am very thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his

mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowed nothing, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothing at all. Mr. Chadbands he was a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin' to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but *I* couldn't make out nothing on it. I never knowed what it was all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that berryin' ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What berrying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as was wery good to me; wery good indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along side of him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid by him."

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast! For the cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

“Jo, my poor fellow!”

“I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I’m a gropin’—a gropin’—let me ketch holt of your hand.”

“Jo, can you say what I say?”

“I’ll say anything as you say, sir, for I know it’s good.”

“*Our Father!*”

“Our Father!—yes, that’s wery good, sir.”

“*Which art in heaven.*”

“Art in heaven!—Is the light a comin’, sir?”

“It is close at hand. *Hallowed be thy name!*”

“Hallowed be—thy—name!”

The light is come upon the dark benighted way, and little Jo is dead! Dead, ladies and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts; and dying thus around us every day.

—Charles Dickens.

CRIMINALITY OF DUELING.

In 1804, Alexander Hamilton was challenged by Aaron Burr to fight a duel. These statesmen had for a long time been rivals in law and politics, and Burr envied Hamilton’s well deserved popularity. Hamilton yielded to the force of public opinion and accepted the challenge, but fired his pistol in the air, and was killed by his antagonist. “On the day of his funeral, the whole City of New York was in mourning. On the steps of Trinity Church Governor Morris, with the four sons of the deceased by his side, pronounced a solemn oration in honor of his slaughtered friend. Speeches, sermons and poems innumerable were composed in honor of Hamilton; towns and villages in all parts of America were called after his name; and never

up to that time, since the death of Washington, had any event produced so universal an expression of sympathy on that continent, as the untimely and lamented end of the great Federalist."—*Reithmuller*.

1. HAMILTON yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost, lost to his country, lost to his family, lost to us. For this rash act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I can not forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps.

2. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers, already, all that humanity can suffer: suffers, and wherever he may fly, will suffer, with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one, who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. If he had known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften; if it be not ice, it must melt.

* * But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

3. But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I can not forgive. I can not forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I can not forgive that public prosecutor, who, intrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen these wrongs and taken no measures to avenge them. I can not forgive that judge upon the bench, or that

governor in the chair of State who has lightly passed over such offenses. I can not forgive the public, in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary. I can not forgive you, my brethren, who till this late hour have been silent, while successive murders were committed.

4. No ; I can not forgive you, that you have not in common with the freemen of this state, raised your voice to the powers that be, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws ; demanded this in a manner, which, if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and have pleaded your excuse before the God that filleth them ; in whose presence as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood that crieth against us, had I been silent.

5. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses : the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them. I enjoy another opportunity ; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble, on the one side, the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and, on the other, those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects.

6. I would entreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heart-felt groans ; to mark the orphans' sighs and tears ; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton ; I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle ; I would

hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity; ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship; who have wept, and still weep over the moldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

7. Oh, thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy suffering! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation! But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted? To his throne let us lift up our voices and weep. Oh God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless; if in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercy in store for miserable mortals, pity, oh, pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in Thee.

—*Dr. Nott.*

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

A teacher once whipped a rebellious boy, and succeeded in securing his obedience to the regulations of the school. The whipping, though severe, was suitably administered, and the boy proceeded with his duties. The next day it was currently reported on the streets, that the boy was whipped with three whips plaited together, and that he was so severely injured, that he had to be *carried* to his room.

A few days after, the teacher had occasion to stop at a village, eight miles from the school in which the whipping was done, when an elderly lady inquired of him, "Did you hear about that teacher up at Winchester, who whipped a boy so terribly the other day? They say that he just beat the boy's back into a perfect jelly! And," said she, "it must be so, for somebody told us that saw the boy's back."

"Why Madam, I am the man who did that whipping; I know all about it."

"Why law me! are you the fellow?"

"I am."

"I'm glad you told me, for I might a said something I'd a wished I had n't."

Such exaggerated reports remind one of "The Three Black Crows."

1. Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend, "No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat.
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed.
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"—"Nay but it's really true,
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell?"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
But, by the by, 't was two black crows, not three."
2. Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went:
"Sir,"—and-so-forth—"Why, yes; the thing's a fact,
Though, in regard to number, not exact:
It was not two black crows, 't was only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon;
The gentleman himself told me the case."

“Where may I find him?” “Why, in such a place.”

Away he goes, and, having found him out—

“Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.”

Then, to his last informant, he referred,

And begged to know if true what he had heard.

“Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?” “Not I!”

“Bless me! how people propagate a lie!

Black crows have been thrown up, three, two and one,

And here I find, at last, all comes to none!

But did you say nothing of a crow at all?”

“Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall

The matter over.” “And pray, sir, what was ’t?”

“Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,

I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,

Something, sir, that was as black as a crow.”

—*Birom.*

OVER THE RIVER.

One reason why some students do not succeed better in elocution, is, they do not appreciate a really fine selection. At first sight, many persons would not consider this selection worthy of careful attention. I have heard a young lady declaim it, with very fine effect. At the close of each stanza, the look should be upward, and the arms extended as if about to greet one who had passed “over the river.”

1. Over the river they beckon to me—

Loved ones who’ve crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,

But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There’s one with ringlets of sunny gold,

And eyes the reflection of heaven’s own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.

We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands ready to welcome me!

2. Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
3. For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.
4. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,

I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit land;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before;
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.
—Miss Priest.

I'VE DRANK MY LAST GLASS, BOYS.

The most difficult part of this selection, is, the language of the little girl. The conclusion of each stanza should be accompanied by an emphatic gesture.

1. No, comrades, I thank you;
 Not any for me.
 My last chain is riven,
 Henceforward I'm free.
 .I will go to my home
 And my children to-night
 With no fumes of liquor
 Their spirits to blight;
 And, with tears in my eyes,
 I'll beg my poor wife,
 To forgive me the wreck
 I've made of her life.
 I've never refused you before,
 Now let that pass;

For I've drank my last glass, boys;
I've drank my last glass.

2. Just look at me now, boys,
In rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes,
And red, bloated face.
Mark my faltering step
And my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow
That is worse than Cain's brand.
See my crownless old hat,
And my elbows and knees
Alike warmed by the sun
Or chilled by the breeze.
Why even the children
Will hoot as I pass,
But I've drank my last glass, boys;
I've drank my last glass.

3. You'd hardly believe, boys,
To look at me now,
That a mother's soft hand
Was once pressed on my brow
When she kissed me and blessed me
Her darling, her pride,
Ere she laid down to rest
By my dead Father's side.
But with love in her eyes
She looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there,
As she whispered "Good by,"
And I'll do it, God helping.

Your smile I let pass;
For I've drank my last glass, boys;
I've drank my last glass.

4. Ah! I reeled home last night;
It was not very late;
For I'd spent my last six-pence,
And landlords won't wait
On a poor fellow who's
Left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed
Their coffers to fill.
Oh, the torments I felt!
And the pangs I endured
As I begged for one glass!
Just one would have cured.
But they kicked me out doors!
I let that, too, pass;
For I've drank my last glass, boys;
I've drank my last glass.

5. At home, my pet Susie,
With her soft golden hair,
I saw through the window,
Just kneeling in prayer.
From her pale bony hands
Her torn sleeves were hung down,
And her feet, cold and bare,
Shrank beneath her scant gown.
And she prayed! prayed for bread!
For one crust, there on the bare floor,
My pet darling plead.
And I heard! with no penny

To buy one ! Alas !

But I've drank my last glass, boys ;
I've drank my last glass.

6.

For Susie, my darling,

My wee six-year old,

Though fainting with hunger

And shivering with cold,

There on the bare floor

Asked God to bless me.

And she said, " Don't cry, mamma,

He will ; for you see

I believe what I ask for."

Then, sobered, I crept

Away from the house, and

That night, when I slept,

Next my heart lay the pledge—

You smile ; let it pass ;

For I've drank my last glass, boys ;

I've drank by last glass.

7.

My darling child saved me.

Her faith and her love

Are akin to my dear

Sainted mother's above.

I'll make her words true,

Or I'll die in the race,

And sober I'll go

To my last resting place.

And she shall kneel there

And, weeping, thank God,

No drunkard lies under

The daisy-strewn sod.

Not a drop more of poison
My lips shall ere pass ;
For I've drank my last glass, boys ;
I've drank my last glass.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

In reading this selection, the tone and manner of an elderly lady are necessary.

1. They've got a brand-new organ, Sue,
 For all their fuss and search ;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
 And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
 And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
 In every body's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
 Ag'in' *my* voice and vote ;
For it was never *my* desire,
 To praise the Lord by note.
2. I've been a sister good and true
 For five an' thirty year ;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
 Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
 I took the fork an' led !

And now, their bold, new-fangled ways,
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

3. To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!
4. Some worldly chaps was standin' near;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I could n't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."
5. An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune;

I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

6. And Sister Brown—I could but look—

She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

7. An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,

As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.

An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise ;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

8. I've been a sister good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year ;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear ;
But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track ;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back ;
And when the folks gets up to sing—
When'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
A-squealin' over me !

—From WILL CARLETON'S *Farm Ballads*—by permission.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

This is a very profitable reading exercise. Observe the transitions with respect to *pitch*, *time*, and *manner*. The last quotation requires *very fast* time.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

“ You will find so, sir.”

And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, “ *Young men, ahoy!*”

“What is it?”

“ *The rapids are below you!*”

“Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys! don’t be alarmed; there is no danger.”

“ *Young men, ahoy there!*”

“What is it?”

“ *The rapids are below you!*”

“Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may—will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.”

“ *Young men, ahoy!*”

“What is it?”

“BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!”

“Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives!

pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah! *ah!* it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up."

—*John B. Gough.*

THE NEWS OF A DAY.

1. "GREAT battle! Times extra!" the newsboy cried,
But it scarcely rippled the living tide
That ebbd and flowd in the busy street,
With its throbbing hearts and its restless feet.
Again through the hum of the city thrilled—
"Great battle! Times extra! Ten thousand killed!"
And the little carrier hurried away
With the sorrowful news of that winter day.
2. To a dreary room in the attic high
Trembled the words of that small, sharp cry,
And a lonely widow bowed down her head
And murmured, "Willie—my Willie is dead!
Oh, I feared it was not an idle dream
That led me, last night, to that deep, dark stream,
Where the ground was wet with a crimson rain,
And strewn all over with ghastly slain!
The stars were dim, for the night was wild,
But I threaded the gloom till I found my child.
3. "The cold rain fell on his upturned face,
And the swift destroyer had left no trace

Of the sudden blow and the quick, sharp pain,
But a little wound and a purple stain.
I tried to speak, but my voice was gone,
And my soul stood there in the cold gray dawn
Till they rifled his body with ruthless hand,
And covered him up with the reeking sand.

4. "Willie! oh, Willie! it seems but a day
Since thy baby-head on my bosom lay—
Since I heard thy prattle so soft and sweet,
And guided the steps of thy tottering feet;
And thou wert the fairest and last of three
That the Father in heaven had given to me.
All the life of my heart— love, hope, and joy—
Were treasured in thee, my strong, brave boy;
And the last faint words thy father said
Were, 'Willie will mind thee when I am dead.'
But they tore the flag from thy death-cold hand,
And covered thee up in the reeking sand."

5. She read the names of the missing and slain,
But one she read over again and again;
And the sad, low words that her white lips said
Were, "Company C, William Warren,—dead."
The world toiled on through the busy street,
With its aching hearts and unresting feet;
The night came down to her cold hearth-stone,
And she still read on in the same low tone;
And still the words that her white lips said
Were, "Company C, William Warren— dead."

6. The light of the morning chased the gloom
From the emberless hearth of that attic room,
And the city's pulses throbbed again,
But the mother's heart had forgotten its pain.

She had gone through the gates to the better land
With that terrible list in her pale, cold hand—
With her white lips parted, as last she said,
“Company C, William Warren—dead!”

—*Mrs. S. T. Bolton*

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

1. Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 While echo faint and far replies,—
 “Hark, O! hark, O!”
 “Charco’!”— “Hark, O!”— Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.
2. The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that;
 ’Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot, nor speck,— Though still he cries,—
 “Charco’! charco’!”
 And many a roguish lad replies,—
 “Ark, ho! ark, ho!”
 “Charco’!”— “Ark, ho!”— Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.
3. Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay;

Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

And Martha from the door replies,—

“Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”

“Charco’!”— “Mark, ho!”— Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

4. The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha’s tender hands once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o’er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries

“Charco’! charco’!”

And baby with a laugh replies,—

“Ah, go! ah, go!”

“Charco’!”—“Ah, go!”—While at the sounds
The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

5. Then honored be the charcoal man!
Though dusty as an African,
’Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

While mocking echo still replies,—

“Hark, O! hark O!”

“Charco’!”— “Hark, O!”— Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds!

J. T. Trowbridge.

EXPERIENCE WITH EUROPEAN GUIDES.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would, and if you interrupt and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say “smart” things and do absurd ones, and in other ways “show off” when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said: “Come wis me, genteelmen! come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Columbo! write it himself! write it wis his own hand! come!”

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide’s eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:—

“What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Columbo! write it himself!”

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

“Ah, Ferguson, what,—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?”

“Christopher Columbo! ze great Christopher Columbo!”

Another deliberate examination.

“Ah! did he write it himself, or,—or how?”

“He write himself! Christopher Columbo! he’s own handwriting, write by himself!”

Then the doctor laid the document down and said, “Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.”

“But zis is ze great Christo—”

“I don’t care who it is! It’s the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn’t think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal.

If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said:

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Columbo! splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

"Ah, look, genteelmen! beautiful, grand, bust Christopher Columbo! beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass, procured for such occasions.

"Ah, what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Columbo! ze great Christopher Columbo!"

"Christopher Columbo,—the great Christopher Columbo. Well, what did *he* do?"

• "Discover America! discover America—oh, zediable!"

"Discover America? No, that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. Christopher Columbo,—pleasant name. Is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho! three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I can not tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria! zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination, very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides can not master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered;—nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was all a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen! Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah, Ferguson, what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name? He got no name! Mummy! 'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No! Not Frenchman, not Roman! Born in Egypta!"

“Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, mummy. How calm he is, how self possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?”

“Oh, *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan’ year’!”

The doctor turned on him savagely:—

“Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen, because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I’ve a notion to—to—if you’ve got a nice, fresh corpse fetch him out!—or we’ll brain you!”

However, he has paid us back partly, and without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harrassed with doubts.—*Mark Twain.*

THE RUM MANIAC.

This and the following selection are examples of exceedingly difficult personation.

1. “SAY, Doctor, may I not have rum,
To quench this burning thirst within?
Here on this cursed bed I lie,
And can not get one drop of gin.

I ask not health, or even life—

Life! what a curse it's been to me!

I'd rather sink in deepest hell,

Than drink again its misery.

2. “But, Doctor, may I not have rum?

One drop alone is all I crave:

Grant this small boon—I ask no more—

Then I'll defy—yes e'en the grave;

Then, without fear, I'll fold my arms,

And bid the monster strike his dart,

To haste me from this world of woe,

And claim his own—this ruined heart.

3. “A thousand curses on his head

Who gave me first the poisoned bowl,

Who taught me first this bane to drink—

Drink—death and ruin to my soul.

My soul! oh cruel, horrid thought!

Full well I know thy certain fate;

With what instinctive horror shrinks

The spirit from that awful state!

4. “Lost—lost—I know forever lost!

To me no ray of hope can come:

My fate is sealed; my doom is—

But give me rum; I will have rum.

But Doctor, don't you see him there?

In that dark corner low he sits;

See! how he sports his fiery tongue,

And at me burning brimstone spits!

5. “Say, don't you see this demon fierce?

Does no one hear? will no one come?

Oh save me—save me—I will give—
But rum ! I must have—will have rum !
Ah ! now he's gone ; once more I'm free :
He—the boasting knave and liar—
He said that he would take me off
Down to—But there ! my bed's on fire !

6. “ Fire ! water ! help ! come, haste—I'll die ;
Come, take me from this burning bed :
The smoke—I'm choking—can not cry ;
There now—it's catching at my head !
But see ! again that demon's come ;
Look ! there he peeps through yonder crack ;
Mark how his burning eye-balls flash !
How fierce he grins ! what brought him back ?
7. “ There stands his burning coach of fire ;
He smiles and beckons me to come—
What are those words he's written there ?
‘ In hell, we never want for rum ! ’ ”
One loud, one piercing shriek was heard ;
One yell rang out upon the air ;
One sound, and one alone, came forth—
The victim's cry of wild despair.
8. “ Why longer wait ? I'm ripe for hell ;
A spirit's sent to bear me down ;
There, in the regions of the lost,
I sure will wear a fiery crown.
Damned, I know, without a hope !—
One moment more, and then I'll come !—
And there I'll quench my awful thirst
With boiling, burning, fiery rum ! ”

—Allison.

WOUNDED.

The person declaiming this, should remain standing until he says, "Lay me down in this hollow;" he should then be seated until he comes to the part to be sung; while singing the quoted stanza, he should stand, clasp the hands as in prayer, and look upward. He should again be seated while rendering the last stanza. To secure a deathly expression, the look must be vacant, and the eyeballs frequently turned upward.

1. STEADY, boys, steady!
 Keep your arms ready!
 God only knows whom we may meet here.
 Don't let me be taken!
 I'd rather awaken
 To-morrow in—no matter where,
 Than lie in that foul prison-hole—over there.

2. Step slowly!
 Speak lowly!
 These rocks may have life.
 Lay me down in this hollow;
 We are out of the strife.
 By heavens! the foeman may track me in blood,
 For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
 No! no surgeon for me: he can give me no aid;
 The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade.
 What, Morris, a tear? why shame on ye, man!
 I thought you a hero; but since you've began
 To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
 By George! I don't know what it all means.

3. Well! well! I am rough; 'tis a very rough school,
 This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
 I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
 And boys, that you love me, I certainly know.
 But was n't it grand?

When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
 But we stood—did we not—like immovable rock,
 Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock?

Did you mind the loud cry,
 When, as turning to fly,
 Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
 Oh, wasn't it grand?

4. God help the poor wretches that fell in the fight;
 No time was there given for prayer or for flight.
 They fell by the score, in the crash, hand-to-hand,
 And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.
 Great heavens! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave,
 A curse on the aim of the treacherous knave!
 Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
 Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?

Pray! pray!
 Our Father! Our Father! Why don't you proceed?
 Can't you see I am dying! Great God, how I bleed!
 Ebbing away! ebbing away!
 The light of day is turning to gray.

Pray! pray!
 Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
 While I staunch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
 There's something about forgiveness of sin—
 Put that in! put that in! and then
 I'll follow your words and say an amen.

5. Here, Morris, old fellow! get hold of my hand;
 And Wilson, my comrade—oh, wasn't it grand,
 When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
 And were scattered like dust by our brave little crowd?
 Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?
6. “Dear Christ who died for sinners all,
 Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;

Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
Unheeded by thy gracious eye.
Throw wide thy gates to let him in,
And take him, pleading, to thy arms;
Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

7. God bless you, comrade, for singing that hymn;
It is light to my path when my sight has grown dim,
I am dying—bend down till I touch you once more—
Don't forget me, old fellow! God prosper this war!
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

—J. W. Watson.

"ROCK OF AGES."

1. "Rock of ages cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."
2. "Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide.
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;

All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer:
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

3. “Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
’Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer:
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!”
4. “Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
“Let me hide myself in Thee,”
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life’s thorny path have prest;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest:—
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

5. "Rock of ages, cleft for me,"—
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee." —*Anonymous.*
-

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

“I’m bound for Heaven, and when I’m there
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown.”

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to “*the Church*” or not.

When down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
“My coat and hat must be all gray,
I can not go any other way.”

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And steadily, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat, slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away, away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver’s brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the waves went down.

And after him with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness ;
But he cried, " Dear me, what shall I do ?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came ;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

" Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end ? "

" *Thus*, with a few drops on my brow,"

" But *I* have been dipped as you see me now.

" And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you ;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And, now, when the river is rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down ;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor even a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
“ You're in the old way, and I'm in the new ;
That is the false, and this is the true ;”
Or, “ I'm in the old way, and you're in the new ;
That is the false, and *this* is the true.”

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then :
“ Let no one speak but the ‘ holy men ;’
For have ye not heard of the words of Paul,
‘ O let the women keep silence all ?’ ”

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side:
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

—*Mrs. Cleveland.*

“BORROBOOLA GHA.”

1. A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came.
To hear a two-hour sermon
With a barbarous sounding name.
'Twas all about some heathens
Thousands of miles afar,
Who lived in a land of darkness,
Called Borroboola Gha.
2. So *well* their wants he pictured,
That, when the plates were passed,
Each listener felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;

For all must lend a shoulder
To push a rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To "Borroboola Gha."

3. That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And, looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child—
4. A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn.
What could she want? I questioned,
Impatient to be gone.
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And mammy she's a dyin',
And we've nothin' left to eat."
5. Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunshine never falls—
Where cold, and want, and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow creature
Gasping her life away.
6. A chair, a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,

A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw
For the mournful sight before me—
The sad and sickening show.
Oh, never had I pictured
A scene so full of woe.

7. The famished and the naked,
The babes that pined for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed—
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar:
Was I suddenly transplanted
To “Borroboola Gha?”

8. Ah! no; the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry
That meet me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

9. There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only for the heathen,
This was the charge to them:
“Go preach the Word, beginning
First at Jerusalem.”

10. Oh, Christian, God has promised
Whoe'er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go find in yonder hovel
A "Borroboola Gha."
-

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and
white,

Struggled to keep back the murmur,—

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew— and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely
white

As she breathed the husky whisper,—

"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed
tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;

I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,

Now I'm old I still must do it,

Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful
brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
“At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die.”
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and
bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—
“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church
door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great, dark
bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled
her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to
and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and
white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—
“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

It was o'er, the bell had ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before,

Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had
done

Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,

Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,

"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are
weak;

I've choked a dozen swears (so as not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my
ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and a half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell:
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'som kind;
But a lovin'er man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll sometime learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And may be she'll sometimes long for me— for me— but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I musn't think of these things— I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life to square— and I will know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'some
man.

Ah, here is her kitchen-dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.

And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here— you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and as gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering.*)

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your
track?

I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside.*)

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

—From WILL CARLETON'S *Farm Ballads*, by permission.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

"TWAS the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before:
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been—
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died:
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear every thing mamma would say;
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and, without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then,

'Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen.'"

"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is ight;
I want he should div me a nice ittle sed,
With bright shinin unners and all painted ed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy—
Amen—and den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds:
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has come down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss;
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.

"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,

Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And, with Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners and painted all red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop;
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more.
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents 'espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light;
"And now," added Annie in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know."

While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be,
 And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
 That their dear blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
 Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
 And that God, up in heaven had answered her prayer.
 "Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as we tould,
 And Dod answered our prayers—now wasn't he dood?"
 "I should say that he was, if he sent you all these,
 And know just what presents my children would please.
 (Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)
 Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
 And the hasty words spoke so soon to repent?
 'Twas the Being who made you steal softly up stairs,
 And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

—*Mrs. Sophia P. Snow.*

THE EDITOR'S GUESTS.

The Editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care,
 His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair,
 His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his
 head,
 His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread:
 There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals
 topped,
 And a short disquisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper
 stopped;
 There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, concerning sweet flow'rets
 and zephyrs,,
 And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer describing a couple of
 heifers;
 There were billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer
 or two,
 And his best leader hitched to a letter, which inquired if he wrote
 it, or who?
 There were raptures of praises from writers of the weekly mellifluous
 school,

And one of his rival's last papers, informing him he was a fool ;
There were several long resolutions, with names telling whom they
 were by,
Canonizing some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse
 than to die ;
There were traps on that table to catch him, and serpents to sting
 and to smite him ;
There were gift enterprises to sell him, and bitters attempting to bite
 him ;
There were long staring "ads" from the city, and money with never
 a one,
Which added, "Please give this insertion, and send in your bill
 when you're *done* ;"
There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants,
 and their laws—
Which said, "Can you print this announcement for the good of our
 glorious cause?"
There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties, and
 shows,
Wrapped in notes with "Please give us a notice" demurely slipped
 in at the close ;
In short, as his eye took the table, and ran o'er its ink-spattered
 trash,
There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps it was
 cash.
The Editor dreamily pondered on several ponderous things ;
On different lines of action, and the pulling of different strings ;
Upon some equivocal doings, and some unequivocal duns ;
On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt-paying
 ones ;
On friends who subscribed "just to help him," and wordy encour-
 agement lent,
And had given him plenty of counsel, but never had paid him a cent ;
On vinegar, kind-hearted people were feeding him every hour,
Who saw not the work they were doing but wondered that "printers
 are sour!"
On several intelligent townsmen, whose kindness was so without
 stint
That they kept an eye out on his business, and told him just what
 he should print ;

On men who had rendered him favors, and never pushed forward
their claims,

So long as the paper was crowded with "locals" containing their
names;

On various other small matters, sufficient his temper to roil,
And finely contrived to be making the blood of an editor boil;
And so one may see that his feelings could hardly be said to be
smooth,

And he needed some pleasant occurrence his ruffled emotions to
soothe:

He had it; for lo! on the threshold, a slow and reliable tread,
And a farmer invaded the sanctum, and these are the words that he
said:

"Good-mornin', sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day?
I'm glad you're to home; for you fellers is al'ays a runnin' away.
Your paper last week wa'n't so spicy nor sharp as the one week
before:

But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoopin' it
up to 'em more.

That feller that's printin' *The Smasher* is goin' for you perty smart;
And our folks said this mornin', at breakfast, they thought he was
gettin' the start.

But I hushed 'em right up in a minute, and said a good word for
you;

I told 'em I b'lieved you was tryin' to do just as well as you knew;
And I told 'em that someone was sayin', and whoever 'twas it is so,
That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame him for what
he don't know.

But, layin' aside *pleasure* for *business*, I've brought you my little boy
Jim;

And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen of
him.

"My family stock is increasin', while other folks' seems to run short.
I've got a right smart of a family—it's one of the old-fashioned sort:
There's Ichabod, Isaac, and Israel, a-workin' away on the farm—
They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off like
a charm.

There's Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a couple of eels;

But they're to'lable steady in one thing—they al'ways git round to their meals.

There's Peter is busy inventin' (though *what* he invents I can't see,) And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin' with me.

There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for himself,

And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so he is laid on the shelf.

The rest of the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt which is Jim,

And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen o' him."

"He ain't no great shakes for to labor, though I've labored with him a good deal,

And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel;

But he's built out of second growth timber, and nothin' about him is big

Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.

I keep him a-carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,

And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin' the bugs;

And then there is things to be doin' a-helpin the women indoors;

There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores;

But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid,

So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.

His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,

But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him!

"It ain't much to get up a paper—it wouldn't take him long for to learn!

He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin'; with a good strappin' fellow to turn.

And things that was once hard in doin', is easy enough now to do;

Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.

I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up and how;

But 'tis most of it made by machinery, I can see it all plain enough now.

And poetry, too, is constructed by machines of different designs,
Each one with a guage and a chopper to see to the length of the
lines;
And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than
grease,
And a-rentin' her heaven-born productions at a couple of dollars
apiece;
An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be easy enough,
I've a whim,
If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor ouden of Jim!"

The Editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made
his reply:

"Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both?
Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural
oath?
Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his
cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a
week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow beat an impudent
dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at
once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable
touch,
And be sure that he knows how much *to* know, and knows how to
not know too much?
Does he know how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-rein on
his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manner within a rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage
and vim?
If so, we perhaps can be makin' an editor 'ouden of him.'"

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his visage o'er-
spread;
And he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably out of his
head."

But lo! on the rickety stair-case, another reliable tread,
And entered another old farmer, and these are the words that *he*
said:

“Good-morning, sir, Mr. Editor, how is the folks to-day?
I owe you for next year’s paper; I thought I’d come in and pay.
And Jones is a goin’ to take it, and this is his money here;
I shut down on lendin’ it to him, and coaxed him to try it a year.
And here is a few little items that happened last week in our town.
I thought theyd’ look good for the paper, and so I just jotted ’em
down.

And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked expressly for you;
And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must
send somethin’ too.

You’re doin’ the politics bully, as all of our family agree;
Just keep your old goose-quill a floppin’, and give ’em a good one
for me.

And now you are chuck full of business, and I won’t be takin’ your
time;

I’ve things of my own I must ’tend to—good-day, sir, I b’lieve I
will climb.”

The Editor sat in his sanctum and brought down his fist with a thump:
“God bless that old farmer,” he muttered, “he’s a regular Editor’s
trump.”

And ’tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever
be, still;

There are some who appreciate its labors, and some who perhaps
never will.

But in the great time that is coming, when loudly the trumpet
shall sound,

And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quiver-
ing ground;

When they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble
the race,

Shall march at the front of the column, each one in his God-given
place,

As they pass through the gates of The City with proud and victo-
rious tread,

The editor, printer, and “devil,” will travel not far from the head.

—From WILL CARLETON’S *Farm Ballads*, by permission.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris,
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do—nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal.

And though scarce three months have passed since the day,
This merchandise went, on several carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,

Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On my self, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moon-beam or star-beam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love,
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
And without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions.
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
While on her virginal lips I imprinted a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you're not to come here more than twice in a week
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me.

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And had set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps in didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend,
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's
too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation).
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a Miss of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*."
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation ;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted.”
The end of the nose was portentiously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
“ I have worn that three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up ! ”
Here *I ripped out* something perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though ; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it “ settled my hash.”
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
“ Fiddlesticks, is it, sir ? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn’t fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is !
Pray, what do you know of a woman’s necessities ?
I have told you and shown you I’ve nothing to wear,
And it’s perfectly plain you not only don’t care,
But you do not believe me,” (here the nose went still higher).
“ I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot ;
You’re a brute, and a monster, and—I don’t know what.”
I mildly suggested the words—“ Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,”
As gentle expletives which might give relief ;
But this only proved a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say ;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy chair ;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russians to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear ?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I have instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."

Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters ?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California ?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,

To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grove through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and the tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

—*William Allen Butler.*

ABEL LAW AND THE GHOST.

IT HAS been about eighty-five years since Abel Law, a round-favored, merry old soldier of the Revolutionary War, was married. And he married a most abominable shrew. Did you ever read of the temper of Shakspeare's Catharine? It could no more be compared to her's than the temper of my wife to that of Lucifer's. She had a harsh, irregular face, spread over with spots of white and red, like a cranberry marsh. She had eyes like a weasel's, and hair the color of a wisp of straw; and a disposition like a cross-cut saw. The appellation of this lovely dame was Nancy; now don't forget her name.

Her brother David was a tall, good looking fellow, but that was all; one of your great, big nothings, as we say over here in Indiana, picking up old jokes and cracking them on other folks.

Well, one night David resolved to have some fun, and undertook to frighten his brother-in-law, Abel, who he knew was on a journey, and would be returning that night through a thick wood that stood down below the house half a mile or so. So with a long taper cap, made of white paper, large enough to cover over a wig nearly as big as a corn basket, and a sheet made to meet with both ends across his breast—the way, you know, in which all ghosts are dressed—he took his position near a huge oak tree, where he could overlook the road, and see whatever might appear.

Now it happened, about an hour before, that Abel had stopped at the table of an inn, to taste a flagon of malt liquor, and some gin. This being done, he drove on, caring no more for twenty ghosts, than if they were so many posts.

At length, David grew tired of waiting; his patience was

abating. Presently he hears the merry tones of his kinsman's voice, and then the noise of wagon wheels among the stones. Abel was quite elated; roaring with all his might, and pouring forth scraps of old songs made in the Revolution. His head was full of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and Yorktown. And thus jovially he drove on, scaring the whip-poor-wills among the trees, with rhymes somewhat like these: [*Sings*]

“See the Yankees leave the hill
With baggernetts declining,
With lop-down hats and rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining.
See the Yankees—

Whoa!! Why, what's that?” said Abel, staring like a cat, as fearfully that figure strode into the middle of the road. “My conscience! what a suit of clothes! Some crazy fellow, I suppose. Hallo! friend, what's your name? By the powers of gin, that's a strange dress you travel in.”

“Be silent, Abel; for I have come to read your doom. Be quiet then while I your fate declare. I am a spirit”—

“Oh!! Ah!!! I suppose you are! But you won't hurt me, and I'll tell you why. Here's a fact that you can't deny: Spirits are either bad or good—now that's understood. And if you're a good spirit you won't hurt me, and if you're an evil—and Oh!! I dun no, you may be the Devil!! and if that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy, that I'm married to your sister Nancy!”

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,

Or spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,

Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why

He couldn't fly,

And flap and flutter and wish and try,—

If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :
The son of a farmer,—age fourteen ;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen ;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry,—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,

And his wrinkled cheeks and squinting eyes,
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

And wise he must been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore,
And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
He had read of in old almanacks.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle, or fin, or pinion,
 We soon or late
 Shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
 And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

“ The birds can fly,
An' why can't I?
Must we give in,”
Says he with a grin,
“ That the bluebird an' phoebe
Are smarter 'n we be ?

Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thum', know more 'n men ?

Jest show me that,
Or prove that the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then."

He argued further: "Nor I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me;—

Ain't my business
Importanter 'n his'n is?
That Icarus

Made a perty muss,—
Him an' his daddy Dædalus.
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Would n't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.

I'll make mine o' luther,
Ur sumthin' ur other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To mummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand.
They'd a made fun o' creation,
Afore it was brought to a termination."
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread,
And wax and hammers and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;

A carriage-cover for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
 And a big strong box,
 In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers; Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jatham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work,—
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the wax-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and caulked the cracks;
And a dipper of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
 When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh,
 For Darius was sly;
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let the dipper of water fly.
“Take that! an’ ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess you’ll ketch a weasel asleep!”
 And he sings as he locks
 His big strong box:
 (*Song.*)
“The weasel’s head is small an’ trim,
An’ he is little an’ long an’ slim,

An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef you'll be
Advised by me,
Keep wide awake when you 're ketchin' him."

So day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 't was done,—
The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying machine.
Thought cunning Darius: "Now I sha' n't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll have full swing
Fur to try the thing,
An' practice a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration;
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"
Said Jatham "'Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said "No!

Should n't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said:—

“ I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how't seems, then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,

I'll astonish the nation

An' all creation,

By flyin' over the celebration!

Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle:

I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;

I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;

I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!

I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,

‘ What world's this 'ere

That I've come near?’

Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;

An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!”

He crept from his bed;

And seeing the others were gone, he said,

“ I'm gittin' over the cold'n my head.”

And away he sped,

To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,

When Jatham to Nathan chanced to say,

“ What is the feller up to, hey? ”

“ Do' no',—the's suthin' ur other to pay,

Ur he would n't 'a' stayed to hum to-day.”

Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!
He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he had n't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "Consarn!
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences, behind the stack,
And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."
As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot
An iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)
Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,
So this modern knight,
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—

Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

“Hush!” Reuben said,

“He’s up in the shed!

He’s opened the winder,—I see his head!

He stretches it out,

An’ pokes it about,

Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,

An’ nobody near;—

Guess he do’ no’ who’s hid in here!

He’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill!

Stop laffin’, Solomon! Burke, keep still!

He’s a climbin’ out now—Of all the things!

What’s he got on? I van, it’s wings!

An’ that t’ other thing? I vum, it’s a tail!

An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail!

Steppin’ careful, he travels the length

Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength,

Now he stretches his wings like a monstrous bat;

Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,

Fur to see ’f the’ ’s any one passin’ by;

But the’ ’s on’y a calf an’ a goslin’ nigh.

They turn up at him a wonderin’ eye,

To see—the dragon! He’s goin’ to fly!

Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!

Flop—flop—an’ plump

To the ground with a thump!

Flutt’rin’ an’ flound’rin’ all ’n a lump!”

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting stars, and various things,—
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so nice by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?

'Tis a merry roar

From the old barn door,

And he hears the voice of Jatham crying,
“Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?”

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
“Wal, I like flyin' well enough,”
He said; “but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in it when ye come to light.”

(*Moral.*)

I just have room for the moral here :
And this is the moral,—Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading you wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is,—Take care how you light.

—J. T. Trowbridge.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"I THOUGHT, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!

"*'I should be ashamed, father!'* Bennie said, '*when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm,*'—and he held it out so proudly before me,—'*for my country, when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!'*

"*'Go, then, go, my boy,'* I said, '*and God keep you!'* God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the

letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:—

“Dear Father:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can not now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve,—given to me by circumstances,—‘time to write to you,’ our

good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

“I can’t bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better—better life.”

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen’s heart. “Amen,” he said solemnly,—“Amen.”

“To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me,—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie.”

Late that night the door of the “back stoop” opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her: no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House. The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes, and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired to.

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until tomorrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "THE LORD BE PRAISED!"

—*New York Observer.*

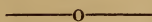
MY MOTHER.

1. The feast was o'er. Now brimming wine,
In lordly cup, was seen to shine
 Before each eager guest ;
And silence filled the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.
2. Then up arose the noble host,
And, smiling, cried: "A toast! A toast!
 To all our ladies fair ;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Santon's proud and beauteous dame,
 The Lady Gundamere."
3. Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang,
 As Stanley gave the word ;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.
4. "Enough, enough," he, smiling, said,
And lowly bent his haughty head ;
 " That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part
And pledge the lady of his heart,
 Like gallant knight and true."
5. Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
 And named the loved one's name ;
And, each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
 Her constancy and fame.

6. 'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise ;
On him are fixed those countless eyes ;
 A gallant knight is he ;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,
 The flower of chivalry.
7. St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high :
 " I drink to one," he said,
" Whose image never may depart
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
 Till memory be dead ;
8. " To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
 So deep it is and pure ;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged have been
 By these brave knights before."
9. Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword
 With fiery-flashing eye ;
And Stanley said : " We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high."
10. St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
 Thus lightly to another ;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said, " My mother."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LECTURING.



THE business of lecturing, is now so popular in many places, that it is regarded as almost a special profession. By it, the best thoughts and the most valuable experience of the best men and women, are presented to the public in the most effective manner. Many persons who do not appreciate or even understand the productions of good writers, will readily acknowledge the power and influence of an able lecturer. It really seems that "truths divine come mended from the tongue" of a good speaker.

A successful lecturer is supposed to be a person who has not only learned much from books, but has also gained much from travel and observation. Yet there are many such persons who can accomplish little or nothing, when attempting to speak in public, on account of a lack of rhetorical discipline. There can be no doubt that the principal secret of success on the part of the lecturer or orator, is his elocutionary power. For with most people, "It does not matter so much about the character of your compositions, as how they are pronounced."

I do not wish to lead the student into the error of supposing that it is not essential, that a lecture should be carefully prepared. Indeed, the better the thought and sentiment are, the better opportunity there is for good elocution. It is a great mistake to suppose that many good speeches are the result of simply a sudden elocutionary effort, made

under the inspiration of genius. Charles Sumner carefully revised one of his greatest speeches four times, before delivering it in the United States Senate. But, mark you, after preparing his speech with such great care, he *delivered* it.

In the preparation of original orations or lectures, the most common fault to which young speakers are addicted, is to suppose that they can not succeed well, unless they deal with grand and sublime ideas, expressed in peculiarly classical terms; and in the delivery of their productions, it is often evident that their thoughts are concentrated more upon themselves, than upon their subjects. Great anxiety is frequently manifested in efforts to display much learning and superior mental ability. We have been alternately amused and disgusted, in listening to a youth of sixteen or eighteen years of age, vainly endeavoring to express borrowed ideas, which are within the comprehension of only mature and well informed minds. The pedantic youth, in his public addresses, always wishes to say something about "ancient Greece and Rome;" "the Dark Ages;" "the dim and misty past;" "the arts and sciences;" "the present age of the world;" "the great continent of America;" "the grand and glorious universe;" "the celestial grandeur of the ethereal blue;" etc. Now the sooner such aspirants come down to the earth we live upon, and talk about practical matters which they know something about, the sooner will they accomplish something in their rhetorical efforts. The student is here warned against all attempts to make a show of himself. In presuming to give expression to original thought and feeling, *be honest; be earnest; be yourself*; taking care, however, to use every opportunity for improving yourself.

We have observed that pedantry is not confined alone to

young speakers. Some lecturers of ability and erudition, seem to have accomplished their purpose when they have mystified their ideas in the use of a set of words which their hearers do not understand. Others delight in dealing in such abstract ideas, and in indulging in such metaphysical speculations, that to follow them, is a task which few of their hearers perform. The custom of using Greek and Latin terms, when addressing persons who know nothing about these languages, is a form of pedantry which ought to be met with demonstrations of ridicule. The student should understand in the beginning, that in order to succeed well, he must not only study his subject, but he must also study his audience; then the degree of intelligence, and even the prejudices of the audience should determine, to some extent, the form and style of the lecture. We understand that the principal objects of public speaking, are, to instruct the people, and persuade them to do right; and the only way to accomplish those objects, is, to make your hearers *understand* and *feel* what you say.

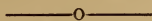
If a lecture is first written in full, and is worth hearing, it is worth committing to memory, in order that it may be delivered in a proper manner. The style in which we often see addresses read from manuscript, is almost intolerable. If the ideas and language of a discourse are not borrowed or stolen, the task of committing it to memory is not a difficult one. Hence, there is little excuse for being tied to a manuscript. If notes are used, and the speaker gives more attention to the notes than to his audience, the audience will generally return the compliment, by giving more attention to something else than to him.

It will be observed in the lecture which follows, that the matter demands a variety of *pitch, time, force, tone*, and

manner. And without these *varieties* of vocal expression and manner, the student need not expect to hold the attention of an audience, throughout any discourse of considerable length.

The student will also observe that the historic present, or extraordinary form of elocution is frequently used. When this form of description can be *well* used, it is always better to do so. But when not well used, in all original discourses it defeats the speaker's own purpose.—*W. H. Fertich.*

MANHOOD.



A SPECIAL definition of the term manhood, is the state of being a man; manly quality; courage, bravery, firmness, and resolution. A more general meaning of the term is that degree of excellence in the masculine character, which ought to command our respect and admiration.

I have a hope that this occasion will be of some interest to the ladies present, because I am convinced that there is nothing "under the sun," in which a woman is so much interested, as in a good specimen of manhood. I do not mean that there is a good specimen before you for examination, I only mean that your attention will be called to some of the qualities which go to make up true manhood.

There was a time when a superior type of manhood was supposed to consist of only a high degree of physical strength. At that time, the strongest men physically, were made kings and the weakest ones were killed. Among the aborigines of this country, the men of influence and authority needed only to possess superior physical skill and cunning, united with a very low type of bravery. With such ideas of manhood, it is not surprising that women were assigned positions of subordination and servility. The savage who would have deigned to treat his wife with respect, and as though she were his equal, would have been derisively ostracised. He would have been considered altogether too unmanly to be ranked as an equal with his fellows. No such thing as gallantry, in the social sense, was known among them.

Thus we see that a barbarous people may, in some respects, sink below the level of even the brute creation.

The mistaken ideas of the ancients, in regard to true manhood, were certainly deplorable. Yet it does not follow, that all the people with whom we have to do, are very far removed from the moral condition of the Antediluvians, or the natives of America. While many understand full well that muscle does not make the man, they are greatly mistaken in regard to the qualities which *do* make the man.

Every teacher should not forget that his pupils are educated, in part, by the examples set before them in society. Hence, every boy in the land has certain imbibed ideas of manhood, whether they be false or true. He has his ideal man in view, and is constantly forming his character in accordance with the model. Not only the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian gentleman furnish examples which are studied and imitated, but the circus rider, with his pompous display of physical skill and daring; the pugilist, with his display of animal strength and courage; the fop, with his gaudy dress, his wonderful appreciation of hair, and his lack of brains; the other shams of society, who delight in simulation and dissimulation; who anxiously labor to appear to be what they are not, and not to be what they are; whose happiness is dependent upon the cut of a coat, the fit of a boot, the style of a hat, or the prospect of a mustache: all these and many worse characters combine to furnish the strong delusions to which many boys and young men become the victims. To dispel these delusions, and to develop the ability which enables a youth to detect a counterfeit gentleman, ought to be the cherished ambition of every faithful teacher.

But what are some of the results of this society teaching?

First of these, I allude to the foolish estimate placed upon dress. It is proper for teachers to recognize the fact, that the ability to dress well, is considered essential to manhood. Indeed, this ability is prized so highly, on the part of some, that they cultivate no other. Now to dress neatly and sensibly, is proper and in keeping with good taste, but it by no means follows that it is an element of manhood. There are many degraded villians, entirely destitute of any manly quality, who can dress more elegantly than men who have rendered themselves deservedly immortal. The young man who delights in making a display of a huge watch chain; who is bedecked with rings, charms, and other gewgaws, and supposes that these articles add to his dignity and worth, stands in great need of instruction: and the teacher who makes a display of extra appendages of gilt ornament before his pupils, does them harm.

There are several reasons for believing that God intended women to be the ornamental part of society; and the ornamentation of a good looking lady, seems eminently proper; but all efforts to ornament a man, are about as pertinent as to put a lace collar on a monkey.

It is possible to tell a great deal about a man, from his dress, provided it be of a foppish character; otherwise it is unfair to estimate a man from his dress: for

“ Who shall judge a man from nature?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princes,

Princes fit for something less.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket

May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thought and feeling—

Satin vest can do no more.”

In judging of a man from his appearance only, no other article of apparel has so much to do with the estimate made, as the *hat* he wears. In many places, I notice a prejudice in favor of the tall, silk hat. Even railway conductors, brakemen, and men filling other public positions, will generally treat a man more civilly, answer his questions more politely, if he is wearing what they call a "plug" hat. It is a great mistake to suppose that this style of hat is an exponent of manhood, since it is worn by the most stupid dunces and silly ignoramuses, as well as by many real men. I have nothing to say for or against any style of hat, I only insist that one's manhood is not in his hat. "The dress does not make the man," and "All is not gold that glitters," are adages containing depths of meaning, which every teacher should demonstrate; and this he should do in behalf of the common *intelligence* of those under his care.

The next delusion to which I invite your attention, is the use of tobacco. It is a fact, that nearly every boy or man who has contracted the habit of using tobacco, did so because he thought it was a *manly* habit. Who has not observed the spurious dignity which a young man assumes, when he has sufficiently deadened his nervous sensibility to endure the sickening narcotic? Notice, if you please, the peculiar air of importance which a young man assumes in the manipulation of a cigar, after the most approved fashion: the usual slant of the cigar at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees from a horizontal; its position between the first and second fingers, and the skillful stroke of the little finger in disposing of the ashes on the burning end. All these demonstrations are familiar parts of this most bogus exhibition of manhood.

I am aware that there are many good and earnest Chris-

tians who use tobacco; many real gentlemen who use it; but these are such as are conscious of the character of the habit, and resist its unmanly tendency.

Now a hog always makes the mistake, to regard nobody as more decent than he; and many tobacco users make exactly the *same* mistake. I notice school houses where children ought to be taught morals and manners, and churches dedicated to the worship of God, shockingly polluted with the filthy products of this most dirty habit. On railroad trains I notice men who have a mustache and whiskers, and look fierce; who wear coats and boots after the latest pattern; sport an abundance of jewelry and a silk hat; and who, doubtless, would be greatly insulted if it were hinted that they are guilty of any unmanly conduct. And yet these fellows will audaciously deposit their tobacco filth about on the floor, compelling nicely dressed ladies and decent men to actually wade about in it, the while totally indifferent to the feelings, the taste, or even the *comfort* of their fellow passengers. Such conduct is anything but gallant, courteous, polite or decent.

Not long since, I had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Burns, author of "Burns' Grammar." We were sitting in the room of a hotel, when a man near us began smoking his tobacco in a huge pipe. As the tobacco smoke really made the Professor sick, he politely requested the man to leave off smoking, at the same time giving his reasons for making the request. "What!" said the man, "do you s'pose I haven't a right to smoke in here? Guess I pay my bills." "No," said the Professor, "you have no more right to poison my brain with your tobacco smoke, than you have to render yourself a nuisance in any other way; and more

'han that, it is a principle of *manhood*, to regard the comfort of those about us." And the Professor was right.

My strongest hope for improvement in this matter, is in the *public schools* of our country. When a large county in Indiana has only *five* teachers who use tobacco, it seems prophetic of a more decent, if not a better time in the future. Let every boy understand that the use of tobacco in no way elevates the degree of one's manhood, but that the tendency is in the other direction.

Another habit which is deplorably common, and which is contracted with the idea that it is manly, is profane swearing. Now it is not my purpose to prove by the Bible that swearing is wrong. I believe that the precepts and commands of the Bible, ought to be respected and obeyed; and that such respect and obedience ought to be exemplified in our public schools. But I prefer, on this occasion, to consider profanity only in its relation to a merely *respectable* manhood.

There is no escaping the deduction, that profanity is a very gross form of vice, for which there is not even the most flimsy excuse. It is usually practiced by those who have no command of good language, and who suppose that to be earnest and emphatic, they must be profane. Profanity is especially the language of the refuse of mankind, the worthless, the degraded, the vile, and those who merely hang on at the tail-end of society. I am aware that some may say, and *do* say, "I know of a great statesman, and a brave general, who use profane language, and they are certainly superior types of manhood." I know there are men of great intellect, bravery, and chivalry, who are so *morally deformed* as to use profane language. But their profanity is no part of their intelligence; their profanity

is no part of their bravery; their profanity is no part of *any* of their commendable qualities; neither do any of their commendable qualities in any way *atone* for their profanity. Profanity helps no man's ability, bravery, chivalry, manners, or *any* part of his manhood. While it is true that a man may be intellectually grand, and at the same time morally deformed, it is equally true, that if a man is morally deformed, he is deficient in the highest and best part of his manhood.

There is probably no sane person who does not believe in the existence of a God, and that he is the author and proprietor of all things, and infinitely wise and good. This being the case, how unaccountably astonishing it is, that any but an insane person can use the name of God for low and vulgar purposes! A man does not wish the name of his wife to be used more often than is necessary, and when her name *is* used, he is particular about it being used respectfully. A young man of honor, would not permit the name of his mother, or his sister, to be tossed about from lip to lip by foul-mouthed men, for vulgar purposes. And yet there are men who will sweep out of heaven, as it were, all the sacred appellations of the Deity, use them to point the edge of their evil passions, in the expression of the most degraded thoughts that a polluted mind is capable of conceiving. If there is good reason for being careful of the manner in which the name of a friend is used, there is much greater reason for being careful of the manner in which the name of God *is* used.

Let us suppose that a man does not believe in any system of Christian religion, or even in the existence of God, and that he habitually uses profane language in the presence of other people. Such conduct is, nevertheless, unmanly, be-

cause there are those continually about us, who *do* believe in a system of Christian religion, and who greatly respect and reverence their Creator. And to use profane language in the presence or hearing of such people, is to do great violence to their feelings. If I am a Christian, and try to serve God and keep his commandments, a man has no more right to swear in my ear, than he has to insult my father or mother. It does not require a high degree of manhood, or even of common decency, to have a respect for the intelligent opinions and feelings of those about us, and yet we find scores and hundreds of men continually pouring out their billingsgate and profanity, into the ears of Christian people, entirely regardless of their suffering.

In this connection it is proper to bear in mind, that the highest, noblest, and most sacred thoughts of men, are involved in their religion, no matter what that religion is: in their ideas of God and the Savior, of heaven and the future life. And if my neighbor is living in the faith of God, and believes that it is by the death of the Savior that he is spared, and has gathered around these names the sweetest thoughts and the purest sanctities of which the soul is capable, and has dressed them with all that is beautiful in this life and the life to come; so that all he is, and all he expects to be, are involved in them, then who is he that dares to profane the sanctity of these emotions, by indulging in his presence in vile and villianous oaths! To do so, is to be guilty of the coarsest rudeness, the most cruel impoliteness, and, therefore, *unmanly* conduct toward those people to whom God's name is sweet and sacred.

It is a notorious fact, that men and boys do most of the swearing in this country. Comparatively few women swear. It is thought to be a horrid practice for a woman

to swear, and so it is; but it is time that all our young people were taught what many older persons have failed to learn, that it is just as improper for a man to swear, as it is for a woman to swear. The notion, that it is so much worse for a woman to smoke a cigar, or use profane language than for a man to do so, has no foundation whatever in logic or justice. A respectable young lady ought to be just as much ashamed to publicly court the favor of a vulgar, profane, and drunken young man, as the young man is to be seen in the company of a vulgar, profane, and drunken young woman. By all means, let a man's manhood be estimated by the same moral standard, as a woman's womanhood; and let the brand of social ostracism be applied as promptly and vigorously in the one case, as in the other.

But I can not further discuss this topic now. I trust that my fellow teachers will. For the teacher, who fails to study the character and consequences of this evil, and to instruct his pupils in the same, fails in the discharge of a very plain duty.

I come now to consider a quality which has usually been looked upon as the very essence of manhood; namely, the quality of *courage* or *bravery*. A spirit of bravery has always been admired, even by women; and fondly cherished and sedulously cultivated by men. There is scarcely any thing more insulting to the average man, than to be branded as a coward. That there is a kind of courage which belongs to true manhood, is certainly true; and that there is a kind of courage which belongs to true *doghood*, is equally true. That kind of courage which prompts a man to resent the application of those foul epithets, which only indecent men use; that kind of courage which

prompts a boy to fight another because he calls him hard names; that kind of courage which supports the pugilist in his animal profession; that kind of courage which courts opportunities for street brawls and fisticuffs; in short, that kind of courage which is nothing more than a lower-animal ferocity, is especially the kind of courage that belongs to *doghood*.

How strange that any man should condescend to emulate the lower animals in a matter, in which he can not hope to excel! He ought to know that so far as mere animal ferocity is concerned, a common dog is always a man's equal, and a tiger is greatly his superior.

There is an essential *difference* between animal courage and manly courage, which every school boy ought to understand. For too many young men suppose that a prostration of moral principle, and a stifling of all kindly and sympathetic feeling, are necessary to a possession of real courage. Such young men usually carry about their persons, revolvers, knives, and other death-dealing instruments. Now, the custom of carrying deadly weapons in this country, in times of peace, under ordinary circumstances, is simply a proof of cowardice, of which no truly brave man is guilty.

In the late war, a regiment was raised in one of our northern cities, composed entirely of street rowdies, and men who were notorious for rushing into brawls, with bowie-knife and pistol. It was supposed that these men would make capital soldiers, and distinguish themselves in the service by their contempt of all danger. But as might have been reasonably expected, they utterly failed to make any honorable record. They could kill a man in the city at night, and rob him, but as soldiers, they were cowardly, unreliable and worthless. They only illustrated the fact,

that coarseness, roughness, brutality and wickedness, are not essential elements in the character of a brave man.

In an Indiana regiment of which I had the honor to be a member, there was a Captain who was noted as a pugilist. When we were in camp and out of danger, he would fight the men of his own company, and the men of other companies. But I remember that, in the battle of Franklin, our Brigadier General justly branded him as a coward, for having failed to perform a duty assigned him.

I think the pugilist sustains the same relation to a gentleman, that a worthless cur does to the most faithful and useful of his species. An Englishman once offered to bet a large sum of money, that when a certain terrier which he owned, was engaged in fighting, he would suffer three of his legs to be cut off, without relinquishing his hold. The bet was taken, and the dogs were set to fighting, when the brute actually suffered one leg to be taken off after another, and finally suffered death rather than cease to fight. When I think of this incident, I scarcely know which animal to pity more, the ferocious quadruped, or the brutal biped, who could engage in such inhuman business and call it sport. While this species of the dog is remarkable for his ferocity and endurance, he possesses no other quality which commends him to our admiration. He is the meanest, most unreliable and worthless dog among dogs. So, I think, the pugilist is the meanest, most unreliable, and worthless man among men.

Every boy should understand that *Christian gentility* and manly courage are entirely compatible, and that the latter quality is most frequently found where the former exists. Indeed, the loftiest courage, the most daring bravery, and the grandest heroism, have been exhibited in the lives and

deaths of *moral* and *Christian* men. Many examples are convenient, some of which could be presented to the pupils of our public schools, with great profit. Washington and many of his cotemporary countrymen were splendid examples. Col. Ellsworth and the whole company of men he raised for the government service, were good examples. Ah, what a splendid array of manly fellows! Not one of whom used tobacco or intoxicating liquors; not one of whom used profane language; not one of whom gambled or indulged in the vices of the camp; all gallantly rushing to the defense of their country, and a more *efficient* company of soldiers never took part in a hotly contested battle. And when their virtuous and daring leader espies a rebel flag displayed above the roof of a hotel in Alexandria, he rushes up the stairway, to haul down the flag of treason, and as he descends with it in his hand, is brutally shot by an enemy to the government, which Ellsworth cherished with unbounded, patriotic devotion. Indignation is blended with the tears we shed, when such specimens of manhood are sacrificed upon the altar of our country.

For another example, I refer with pride to the brave and efficient Commodore Foote. On the Sabbath before he started on the expedition for the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, he attended, as was his custom, the public worship of God, at Cairo, Illinois. For some reason the minister did not appear. The Commodore ascended the steps to the pulpit, offered a fervent prayer, took a text from the Bible, spoke briefly from it and exhorted his fellow soldiers and the people, to put their trust in God and keep his commandments. And when his flag-ship is under the severest fire from Fort Donelson, the heavy shot rattling like thunder-bolts about him, the pilot in mangled death at

his side, and himself severely wounded, he is cool, calm and hopeful in the discharge of his duties, anxious only for his *men*, and the *cause* for which he is shedding his blood. No wonder his men had such confidence in their grand, old Commander! No wonder they declared they would go wherever he commanded them! No wonder he was successful in his perilous undertakings! Had the Federal Army been officered throughout, with such splendid men as Commodore Foote, the Rebellion would have been crushed in half the time it took, and with half the cost of blood and treasure.

In the little city of Muncie, Indiana, there lives a man whose modesty, gentility, and Christian bearing, do not point him out as a man of any special bravery. A common rowdy would, doubtless, take him to be a coward. The man to whom I refer, is Lieut. Henry Swain. When our regiment was hotly engaged before Nashville, Lieut. Swain lost his horse. In the retreat that followed, I noticed him at my side, making his way on foot. Knowing that he was fatigued, I offered him my horse to ride a part of the way. "No, thank you," said he, "I think I can reach the main line in safety." But the main line fell back about a mile farther, making the distance too great for him to pass on foot, and he was taken prisoner. Not, however, until he had fired his last shot and was surrounded by a half-dozen rebel cavalry-men. And when on board the ill-fated *Sultana*, he was by her explosion, thrown at night into the swollen waters of the Mississippi, he had the presence of mind to save himself, and the courage to save others who would have perished but for his assistance. There is not a braver man in his state than Lieut. Swain; neither is there a more peaceable and pleasant gentleman.

A pernicious error into which many young men are led, is to suppose that courage is a *negative* quality, whereas, it is *positive*. True courage is *not* the *absence* of something, it is the *presence* of something. It has been well said, that

“The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul his fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.”

The best illustration of this truth that ever came under my own observation, was furnished by the gallantry and heroism of Lieut. Watt, of the 9th Indiana Cavalry. He was placed in temporary command of a company which had lost all its commissioned officers. In a charge that was made near Duck River, Tennessee, his company was assigned a position immediately on an open pike. Besides the infantry that were to be encountered, the pike was swept by two pieces of artillery. Lieut. Watt was not so “stupid and irrational” as to be indifferent to the dangers of his position, and just before the bugles sounded the charge, we observed that his countenance was as pale as death; but his “noble soul” enabled him to be true to his trust and to prove that he was the man for the place. As the horses press forward into a quick trot, and then into a gallop, the Lieutenant is seen at the head of his company, and with nearly every leap of his large, black horse, he cries out, in a clear and steady voice, “Charge ’em, boys! Charge ’em, boys!” Then, with coolness and precision, he proceeds to deliver to the enemy the contents of one of his revolvers. But when he has fired only two or three shots, he throws up his hands and falls backward from his horse. And when sadly we picked him up from the spot where he

fell, we noticed that his body was pierced by three of the enemy's bullets. But because Lieut. Watt turned pale and seemed deeply agitated, did he not give proof of cowardice? I say *no*; that only proved that he appreciated the dangers of his position. To rush into battle without thought of danger, requires *imbecility* and down-right *stupidity*; and these qualities are *negative* and do not belong to *manly* courage.

In the exhibition of manly courage, it is not so necessary to stifle the natural instinct of self-preservation, as it is to *govern* that instinct by an earnest desire to accomplish a good purpose. It is this noble *purpose*, together with the energy and perseverance to *carry out* that purpose, that constitutes the requisite for any really brave act.

Picture to your minds a calm, moonlit sea, over whose tranquil bosom is gliding in solemn majesty, a splendid ship. Among the dark forms upon her deck may be discerned a pale-faced boy, some sixteen years old. He is leaning over the bulwarks, absorbed in dreamy reverie. His imagination is traversing the future of his career. Filled with the gay illusions of hope, he peoples the years to come with images of success. He beholds himself rising from post to post in his dangerous profession, till he fancies himself the commander of a great fleet. He wins brilliant victories; wealth, honors, fame surrounded him. He is a great man. His name is in the mouth of the world. There is a circle of glory round his brow. Filled with the idea, he starts. His young heart heaving with great purposes, his eyes gleaming with the fire of his enkindled soul, his slender form expanding to its utmost height, and his lips moving with energy, he paces the silent deck, exclaiming, "*I will be a hero*; and, trusting in Provi-

dence, I will brave every danger." Such was the romantic dream, and the courageous determination of young Horatio Nelson, afterward the hero of the Nile, the victor of Trafalgar, and the greatest naval commander in the world. Much like his purpose, was that of the young man who said, "While I calculate upon difficulty in the battle of life, I calculate also upon *success*. And the only condition upon which I predicate this proposition, is, if the Lord is willing. For I am determined," said he, "that not even the Devil, with all his slaves and co-workers, shall ever cheat *me* out of an honorable distinction and a *good name*."

A man who is really brave will do whatever he believes is right, regardless of the expressed opinion of others. A man who accepts a challenge to fight a duel for fear of being called a coward, only gives proof of his cowardice.

When, in the spring of 1856, Charles Sumner was assailed in the Senate chamber by Preston S. Brooks, for words spoken in debate, Henry Wilson, on the floor of the Senate, characterized that act as "Brutal, murderous, and cowardly." These words drew forth a challenge from Brooks, to which Mr. Wilson replied in words which ought to give him ever enduring honor. He said, "I have always regarded duelling as a lingering relic of barbarism, which the law of the country has branded as a crime. While, therefore, I religiously believe in the right of self-defense, in its broadest sense, the law of my country, and the matured convictions of my whole life, alike forbid me to meet you for the purpose indicated in your letter." This noble response to the representative of counterfeit chivalry, was quite effectual. He had no desire to prosecute a quarrel with a man who "religiously believed in the right of self-

defense in its broadest sense," and he wisely concluded to let Mr. Wilson alone.

A company of gentlemen was once assembled, among whom were Col. Payne and Gen. Washington. Some subject arose which caused considerable discussion. The difference of opinion was so decided, that in the warmth of the debate, the General, departing from his usual manner, applied some offensive epithet to Col. Payne. This so offended the Colonel that he sprang to his feet and struck the General so violently as to knock him down. At this, the others interfered and prevented further difficulty. At that time, it was the custom among gentlemen when one was offended, to challenge the offender to fight a duel. And as the General had received a blow, it was expected that he would challenge Col. Payne to meet him with deadly weapons and wipe out the insult in blood. But the great Washington, in this case as in many others, taught them and us an important lesson in true manhood. Meeting Col. Payne soon after, he advanced toward him with extended hand, and said, "Col. Payne, I used language to you that was unbecoming a gentleman, and you knocked me down. If you have had satisfaction, now let us be friends." Washington possessed that grand, moral courage, which enabled him to *apologize* to a friend, when he had done him an injury. And no man who is in the possession of genuine courage, will allow a spurious dignity to prevent him from making an apology when it is due. Pupils ought to be taught to apologize for wrong conduct, and teachers ought to have the courage to apologize to their pupils, if by hasty or thoughtless conduct, the feelings of a pupil have been injured.

Courage is a matter of education, and teachers ought to

see well to the development of this valuable quality. The study of history and biography is, doubtless, well calculated to develop a *patriotic* courage. But there is another kind of courage with which the teacher is more directly concerned, and which pertains to the more ordinary duties of life. I refer simply to *self-possession* in the discharge of duty. Especially that self-possession which enables one to appear before a public audience without being afraid of himself and his friends. There is certainly much greater reason for being frightened at an army of enemies, than at an audience of friends, though the former, I believe, is considered much more dishonorable. The person who is frightened by appearing before an audience, usually exhibits the same symptoms, that attend any other kind of fright. It is noticeable that his respirations are very frequent, which proves that the heart is beating too rapidly. Sometimes his face is red, sometimes, pale; and regardless of the temperature, his perspiration is unusually profuse. And if he is not frightened, I want to know what *is* the matter with him. Take for example the man who was elected to the legislature of his state, but who, unfortunately, had not developed any ability for speaking in public. When the legislature was in session, a question came before that body, upon which he felt it to be his duty to say something. His conversation in private was good enough, but on this occasion when he arose, he stammered, stuttered, blundered, and amid the roars of the house, sat down without having succeeded in saying any thing that he intended to say. I am informed that his case was something like this: "Mr. Speaker, I—I—I am sensible—I—I am indeed, that—th—that—though I—I sh—sh—should want—should want words, why—why—why I must proceed.

And, for the first time in my life, I—I—I think—I think that no man sh—sh—should sh—sh—shrink, and therefore for—for one, I—I—I'll—I'll speak out freely. Ho—ho—hold on! I'm—I'm not yet done. In—In the name of those honorable men who—who sent me here to—to—to—to *speak* for them, why—why, as I said before, to—to—to—to do my duty to my constituency, why—why—I—I—I'll—I'll—I'll say no more.” Even the kind of courage which enables a man to face a cannon and fight a battle, will not always support him when facing an audience. I know of no better place to develop this much needed ability, than in the public schools of our country; and I know of but little of our education that is more practical or important.

From what has been said, it would be inferred that *knowledge* and *discipline* are necessary to the possession of true manhood. While most persons agree in this fact, there are many who continually deceive themselves by placing too great an estimate on that kind of social culture, which simply enables a young man to pass himself well in the social forms of society. It is this superficial social culture that enables a young man to win the affections of a young lady, of whom he is not at all worthy; and sad indeed must be the life, and gloomy the prospect of that young woman, when, too late, she learns that these merely *social* accomplishments *may* exist, without having any foundation whatever in the principles of true manhood.

We obtain this social culture, by mingling in good society and practicing its customs. Persons who live in sparsely settled districts, have few opportunities for cultivating this social ability, and are sometimes called “country Jakes.” In cities, the social powers are very early, and

often prematurely developed. It seems that the premature development of the social powers, has a tendency to beget a conceit on the part of boys and young men, which is a great disadvantage to them. Some of them flatter themselves that they are wiser than their parents or teachers, and have little respect and no reverence for any of their superiors. Not so with those "country Jakes." Feeling their need of knowledge and discipline, they are teachable and anxious to be instructed from whatever source possible. Hence, the reason, that so great a proportion of them become our most eminent and useful men. Abraham Lincoln was a striking specimen of a "country Jake," and an American President, of whom this great nation is justly proud.

It is of vital importance that every boy should understand, that *obedience to all proper authority, is an element of success in life*, and therefore an element of true manhood.

It is related that an English farmer once sent a boy to guard a gate, in order to prevent a party of huntsmen from passing through a certain field. The hunting party proved to be none other than the Duke of Wellington and some of his friends. One after another of the party rode up, and commanded the boy to open the gate. He told each, that he had been ordered by his master to keep the gate closed, and that he intended to obey the orders. Threats and bribes were alike offered in vain. After a while the Duke himself advanced, and said, "My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, and one not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy politely lifted his cap before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly:

“I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor allow any one to pass without my master’s permission.”

Then the sturdy old warrior lifted his hat, and said: “I honor the boy or the man who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying the orders of his master. With an army of such men I could conquer, not only the French, but the world.” And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

I may here remark that this boy, with his exalted ideas of obedience, accomplished what the great Napoleon, with his gallant French army, failed to accomplish—he defeated the Duke of Wellington.

One of the most deplorable results growing out of *perverted* views of social propriety, is the cruel indifference with which many boys and young men regard their parents. Verging into manhood so far as *physical* development is concerned, they foolishly suppose that it is unmanly to feel and manifest *affection* for their parents. And for a young man to kiss his mother, is regarded by them as positive proof of childishness. Such a young man usually refers to his father and mother, as “the old man” and “the old woman.” Let such young men know that the noble-minded and heroic Ellsworth, in the last letter that he ever wrote to his parents, addressed them as his “Dear Father and Mother,”—concluding his letter thus: “My darling and ever loved parents, good by. God bless, protect, and care for you.” Then if any young man is in doubt about the nobility, the true dignity, and *manly* character of Col. Ellsworth, let him read this just tribute to his memory:

“Sprung from the ranks of the people, reflecting their

impulses, sharing in their sympathies,—young, gallant, and generous,—lofty of spirit, earnest of purpose, severely temperate, combining all that youth emulates, that manhood loves, and that old age admires, Col. Ellsworth was alike the idol of those who knew him, and foremost in the ranks of those to whom the country looked as the exemplars of its youth, and the defenders of its honor.”

When waiting one day for the arrival of a train at a railway depot, I noticed a fine-looking man, about thirty years of age, leading a pretty little girl by the hand. They were, evidently, father and daughter. When the train arrived, there were several passengers who stepped from the cars to the platform, and among them was an elderly lady, who proved to be the mother of the gentleman alluded to. Approaching her, he grasped her hand and said, “I am glad to see you mother,” and putting his arm about her he affectionately kissed her. And I said, to myself, “Splendid, sir! Splendid!” And I now say that his conduct was commendable and manly. The young man who is ashamed to kiss his mother, will soon be ashamed to kiss his wife. And judging from my observation thus far in life, I am led to the conclusion that a woman is not happy for any great length of time, unless she is stately kissed.

These perverted views of manly dignity, induce many persons to suppose that it is unmanly to shed tears. While the privilege of crying is freely accorded to any woman, it is believed that a man ought *not* to cry. The *fact* is, the man who sheds tears under peculiar circumstances, gives proof of *strength* rather than weakness, and shows that he is in possession of a quality that is eminently human. The school-boy who confesses his guilt, and is sufficiently humiliated to shed tears, deserves honor, and ought to be com-

mended by his teacher; while the jeers of his more imbecile companions, ought to meet with prompt and severe censure. The idea that it is unmanly to shed tears, has no foundation in sense or propriety. When the great patriot of France, Gen. La Fayette, visited this country in 1824, and stood by the grave of Washington, he *wept* over the remains of his departed friend. When the brave Gen. Fremont was ordered to send his best regiments East, leaving his friend, Gen. Lyon unsupported and in danger, he *cried* about the matter, *not* like a child, but like a *man*. When the gallant Colonel of the 57th Indiana Regiment, saw his men falling thick and fast around him before Atlanta, he cried like a man and fought like a hero. When the Son of God, the Savior of the world, witnessed the grief occasioned by the death of Lazarus, he mingled his tears with those of the bereaved friends. That stupid imbecility which prevents a man from shedding tears under any circumstances, is rather an abnormal condition, and does not belong to true manhood.

Our *intellectual* and *social* culture has something to do with our manhood. Our merely *moral* culture has more to do with it. But there is another power which awakens and develops a manhood of which no *other* agent is capable. For an illustration, go with me, in your imagination, to an English village as it appeared some two hundred years ago. As your eye wanders among its ancient cottages, with huge gable-ends and roofs of thatched straw, let it rest upon a group of young men, surrounding one whose mean dress and bag of tools proclaim him to belong to the humble fraternity of traveling tinkers. He is the chief speaker in the group, and his conversation is remarkable only for its extravagant profanity. With a vulgar air, and a boisterous man-

ner, he rolls out a filthy stream of oaths from the fountain of his deeply polluted spirit. Suddenly, however, his vile speech is arrested by the presence of a woman, who pushes her way through the crowd, and gazing earnestly in the blasphemer's face, rebukes him for his indecent language, and says it makes her tremble to hear him swear. The young man stands amazed and stricken under this rebuke. Deep, big thoughts *rush* through his startled soul; he inwardly but sternly resolves to be a better man. That day's events form an epoch in his life. Ere long it becomes known that the swearing tinker is transformed into the exemplary Christian. Soon his voice is heard preaching Christ. But persecution breaks forth against him, and he is cast into prison. For twelve long years he lies confined in a miserable dungeon, for the notable offense of preaching the Gospel! But, from that dim apartment, he sends forth a book, whose original conception, grand and beautiful imagery, touching pathos, purity of style and truthfulness to nature and experience, give its author an almost unrivaled fame. And to-day the loftiest sons of genius hunt out the grave of John Bunyan, the converted tinker, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and as they stand over the sweet dreamer's ashes, they sigh for the inspiration which gave enchantment to his pen. But what was the *agent* that called the hidden powers of Bunyan's intellect into action, and directed them to such a brilliant end? But for the *Christian Religion*, which awakened and developed all the good there was ever in him, instead of being a star of surpassing beauty, shedding the purest rays of light upon the human intellect, he would have lived a loathsome human reptile, crawling in the dust, and spitting the venom of death upon mankind. He would have died "silent, unseen, unlamented."

Whatever we may teach in our school rooms, or whatever we may fail to teach; whatever may be our opinions, or our prejudices in regard to true manhood, *this fact is indisputable: In a life of manly piety, there is a power calculated to elevate the standard of our manhood, to a degree that can not be reached by all other agencies combined.*

But what is the relation of the successful teacher, to this manhood as exhibited in the after lives of his pupils? Much as I should like to dwell on this thought, I shall only briefly illustrate it.

Behold a splendid scene enacted at the close of the Revolutionary War. Cornwallis and his army had surrendered, and the people were returning thanks to God for their deliverance. Washington accompanied by LaFayette and other officers, pays a visit to his mother at Fredricksburg, Virginia. For six years the mother has not seen her son, and now he comes loaded with honors—the nation's idol. The citizens of the place give a grand ball in honor of their illustrious visitors. The spacious saloon is brilliantly lighted, and is soon filled with the gay and the gallant. There were those chivalrous Frenchmen in their gorgeous uniforms, and those sturdy continentals, whose daring courage and unconquerable spirit had triumphed over the disciplined bravery of their English opponents. There, too, were the mothers of that heroic age, with their blushing daughters, all radiant with the sunny spirit of joy that reigned throughout that brilliant and patriotic assembly.

Presently the doors open to admit a personage whose entrance awakens universal attention. His presence kindles every eye and heart with the ardor of rapturous enthusiasm. His figure is tall and commanding, and he treads the floor with unsurpassed dignity, yet without haughtiness.

He presents to their gaze the rare sight of a Christian soldier and an unambitious statesman. He combines in his character all the excellent qualities which make him the embodiment of all that is good and great in manhood. He is the man whose military prowess, and overawing influence, had sustained the spirit of the Revolution in its darkest hour, had crowned it with success, and earned for himself the glorious pre-eminence of being "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Never was homage more sincerely rendered to any man than to Washington, on this occasion, and never was it more richly deserved. Nor is it possible to imagine a greater, grander earthly joy, than that which must have pervaded his bosom.

But there was another heart that shared in the joy of that occasion. Leaning on the arm of the hero, in simple stateliness of mien, walked MARY, the *mother* of Washington. *She* had trained him in his boyhood. *She* had taught him the lessons which constituted the foundation of his success. *She* had repressed the growth of evil qualities in his mind and heart, and cultivated that divine life in his soul, which led him to take counsel of the God of battles—the great Governor of nations. And her early influence over her illustrious son, was well understood, and silently acknowledged even by that gay assembly. Yea, her son had owned it—was proud of it. He laid his loftiest honors at her feet, and prized her smile above the noisy voices of fame. The joy of Washington must have been great, but the joy of his mother, was, at least, equal. And it is her joy, her honor, and her happiness, that are, at least in part, the legitimate heritage of the faithful, earnest teacher, who takes the place of many parents, and awakens and develops a true manhood

in his pupils. May an understanding of this relation, help us to prepare anew, for a more faithful discharge of the really *great* duties of the teacher.

In conclusion, allow me to call your attention to an incident which furnishes us with probably the grandest exhibition of heroic manhood, on record. I do not again refer to a soldier, and I may here remark, that it is not necessary to be a soldier, in order to be a hero. I refer to JOHN MAYNARD, who was the helmsman of the *Ocean Queen*, and a man of unquestionable piety. The *Ocean Queen* sailed on the Great Lakes; and when on Lake Erie one day, she accidentally caught fire. The fire was not discovered until too late to quench the flames, and the only hope of saving the crew, was to run the steamer to the shore. Hence, everything depended on the faithfulness of the helmsman. The event, which resulted in the death of Maynard, is well described in the following lines:

“ ’Twas on Lake Erie’s broad expanse,

One bright midsummer day,

The gallant steamer *Ocean Queen*,

Swept proudly on her way.

Bright faces clustered on the deck,

Or leaning o’er the side,

Watched carelessly the feathery foam,

That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,

That smiling bends serene,

Could dream that danger, awful, vast,

Impended o’er the scene—

Could dream that ere an hour had sped,

That frame of sturdy oak

Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
He hurried down below.

Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
And clear his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench th' insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomed ship.
'Is there no hope—no chance of life?'
A hundred lips implore;
'But one,' the captain made reply,
'To run the ship on shore.'

A sailor, whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal,—
By name John Maynard, eastern born,—
Stood calmly at the wheel.
'Head her south-east!' the captain shouts,
Above the smothered roar,
'Head her south-east without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!'

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, 'Ay, Ay!'

Three hundred souls,—the steamer's freight,—
Crowd forward wild with fear,
While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.

But half a mile, but half a mile,—
A hundred hands stretch eagerly to shore,—
But half a mile, that distance sped
Peril shall all be o'er.

‘John Maynard, can you still hold out?’
He heard the captain cry,
A voice from out the stifling smoke,
Faintly responds, ‘Ay! Ay!’

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
But still, with steady hand
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.

‘John Maynard,’ with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
‘Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore.’

Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly still;
Unawed, though face to face with death,
‘With God's help I will!’

The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
‘Ah, he is conquered now!’
But no, his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down the pain,—

His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!

Brave heart, thy task is o'er!

The pebbles grate beneath the keel,

The steamer touches shore.

Three hundred grateful voices rise,

In praise to God, that He

Hath saved them from the fearful fire,

And from th' ingulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?

The captain saw him reel—

His nerveless hands released their task,

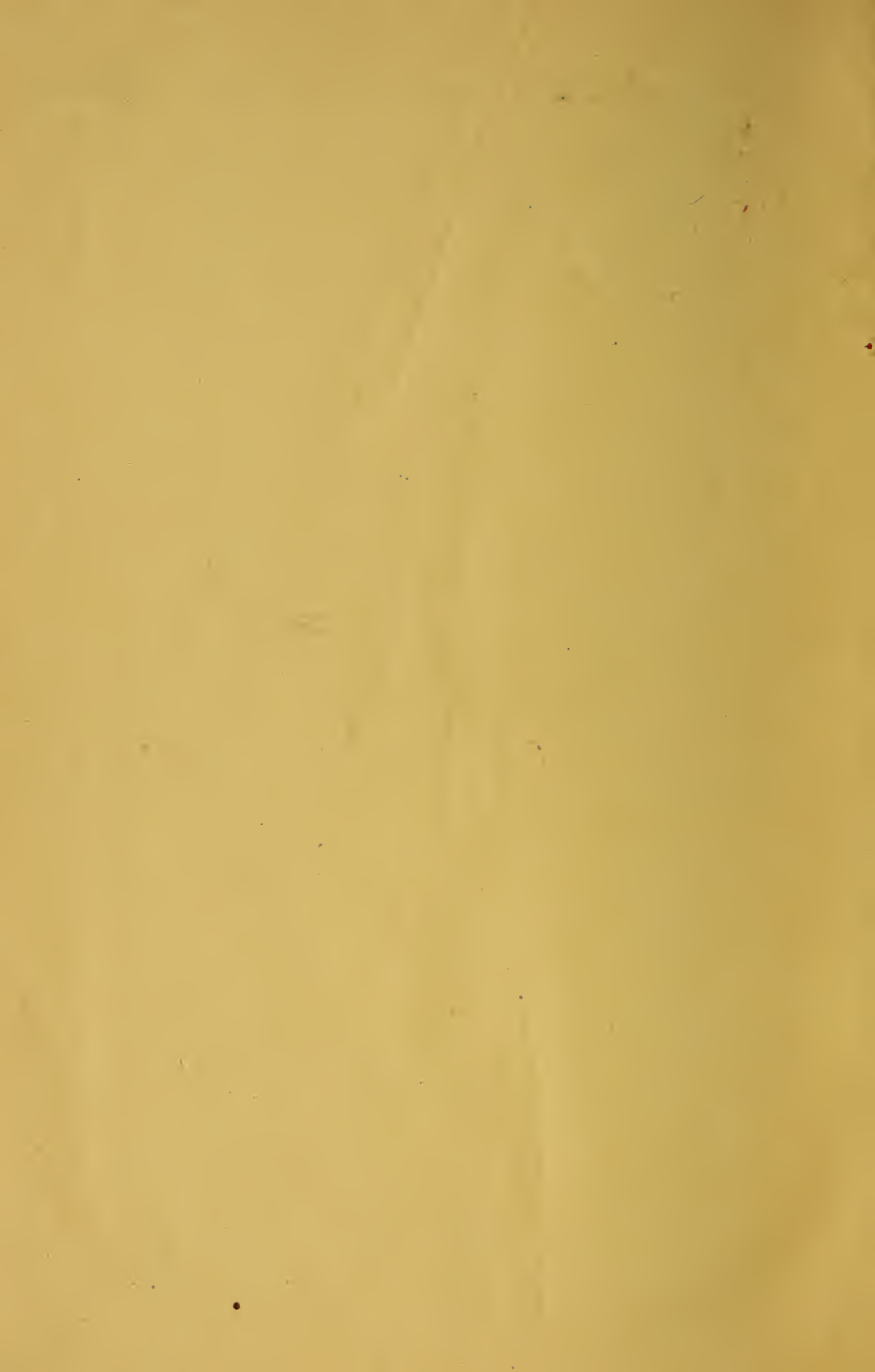
He sank beside the wheel.

The wave received his lifeless corpse,

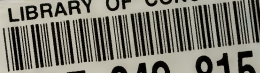
Blackened with smoke and fire.

God rest him! Never a hero had

A nobler funeral pyre!" — *W. H. Feltich.*



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